

women Oni

edition 1, february 1998

**This
is your life**

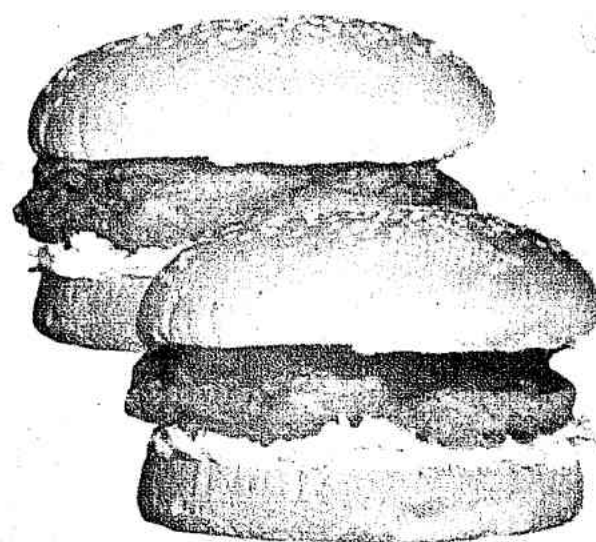
**Sex
God
Gambling**

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY!

Kingsley's

7

BUY ONE CHICKEN FILLET BURGER AND GET ONE FREE.

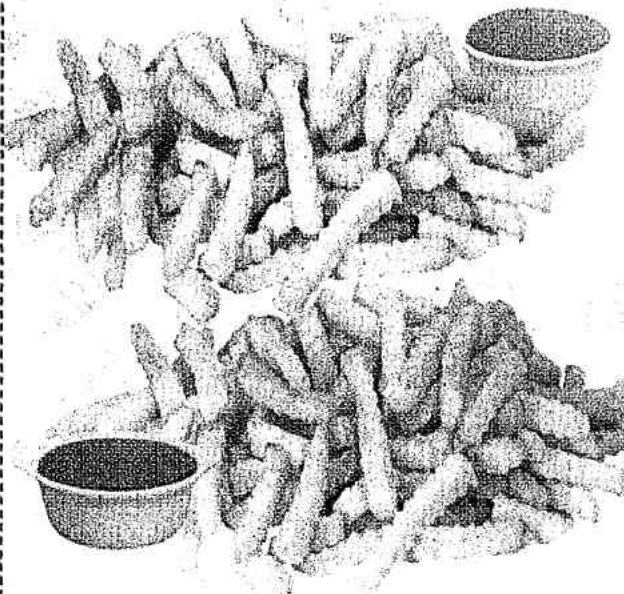


ON PRESENTATION OF THIS VOUCHER AT ANY OUTLET. VALID TO 27/3/1998

Kingsley's

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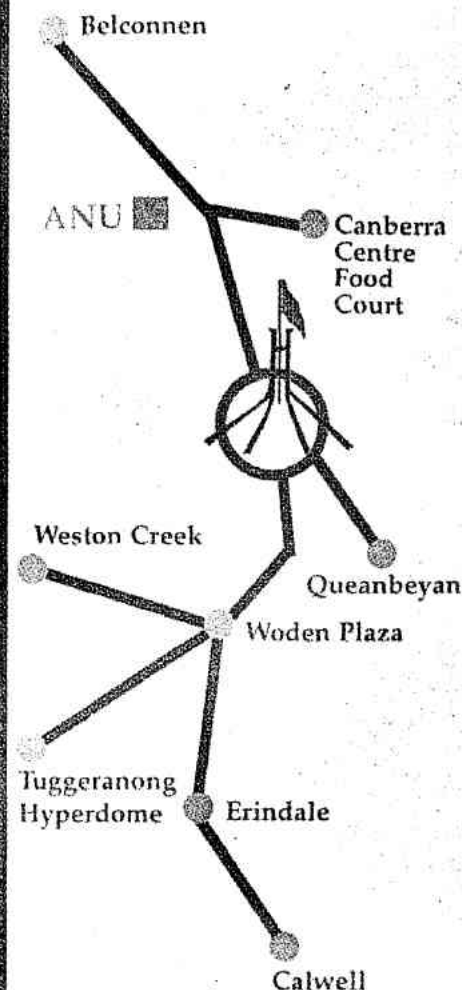
BUY ONE LARGE CHIPS & GRAVY AND GET ONE FREE.



ON PRESENTATION OF THIS VOUCHER AT ANY OUTLET. VALID TO 27/3/1998



8 Convenient Locations



Kingsley's Unbelievable Chicken, Awesome Chips

If you thought that chips were chips, you haven't tried our Awesome Chips. Canberra's very own Kingsley's Chicken sells more chips* than any other company in Australia. Our chips are the best in Australia if not the world. We think our chips are simply Awesome.

*Crimble Cut Chips

Australian National University Union

forthcoming events at the bar and refectory

Date	Bands or activities	ANU concession full		
Monday 23 February	UC and ANU bar crawl [5pm start, back to ANU at 7.30pm, in to town later]	free	free	free
Wednesday 25 February	Amnesty International benefit 'Burn the candle' with Suspect mushrooms, Cuss, Narko Wendy and Icecream Headache			
Thursday 26 February	ANU Band night — Mr Blonde and Weave	free	\$6	\$6
Friday 27 February	Retro disco dance party	\$4	\$6	\$6
Saturday 28 February	Hunters and Collectors + Fauves in refectory	\$26.70	\$26.70	\$26.70
	Landspeed Records and ANU students' association dance party			
Thursday 5 March	Ninety-nine reasons why + Hindsight	\$5	\$5	\$7
Friday 6 March	Avalanches + Support	\$6	\$6	\$6
Saturday 7 March	Sidewinder + Powderfinger	\$8	\$10	\$10
Wednesday 11 March	Body jar + Sam I am	TBA		
Thursday 12 March	Jazz n Juggs	free	\$5	\$5
	Coming Soon Greenday... Everclear... Tea Party			

All concerts are for over 18 years unless otherwise stated
[doors open at 8pm unless otherwise stated]

[please note that the above dates and prices may be changed by the Union Management]

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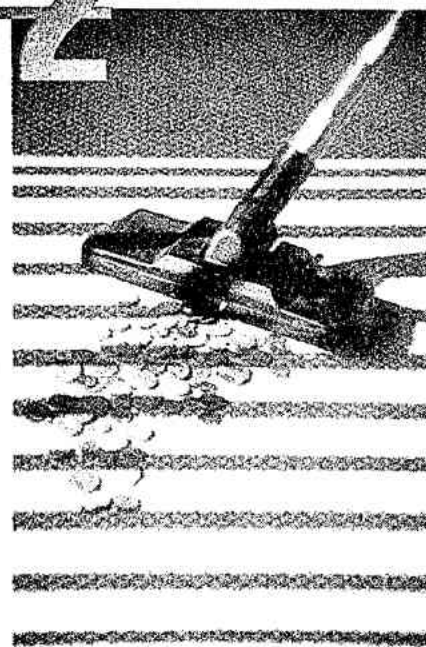
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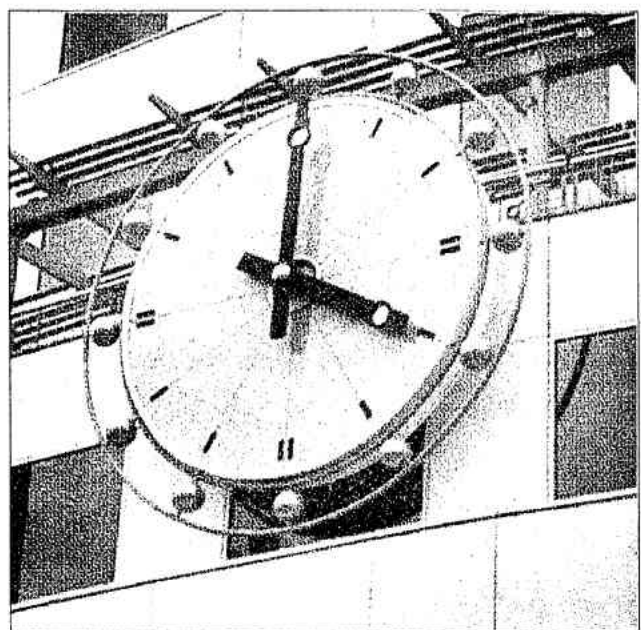
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Adrian Regan
just isn't sure,
follow him on
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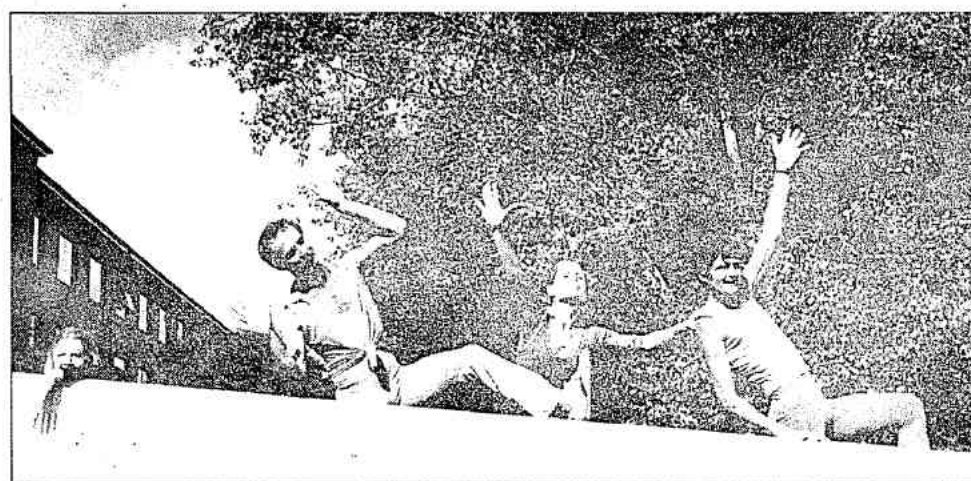
This edition *Woroni* salutes what is one of Canberra's greatest landmarks. No it's not Parliament House, the Carillion or the uni bar - it is the new Civic clock. What great night out hasn't started with the words "Meet you at the clock?" For years young Canberrans have been gathering at this most important of meeting places before hitting the town to sample Canberra's unique nightlife. Resting proudly in the middle of Civic, the clock is to Canberra's nightlife what Dodi was to Diana, part of its very heart and soul.

But now, Canberra has a new clock - a new shrine of meeting places. After some enlightened bureaucrats decided the old clock on the ACTION building wasn't impressive enough, a fancy new one with big hands has been constructed several stories up on a posh new office and apartment block facing Garema Place. Although this writer believes the new clock lacks much of the warmth and charm of its predecessor, it is fast becoming the place to be seen early on during a big night out. The clock is gone - long live the clock. The only problem is, what are pissed 17 year olds supposed to jump off during New Years celebrations?

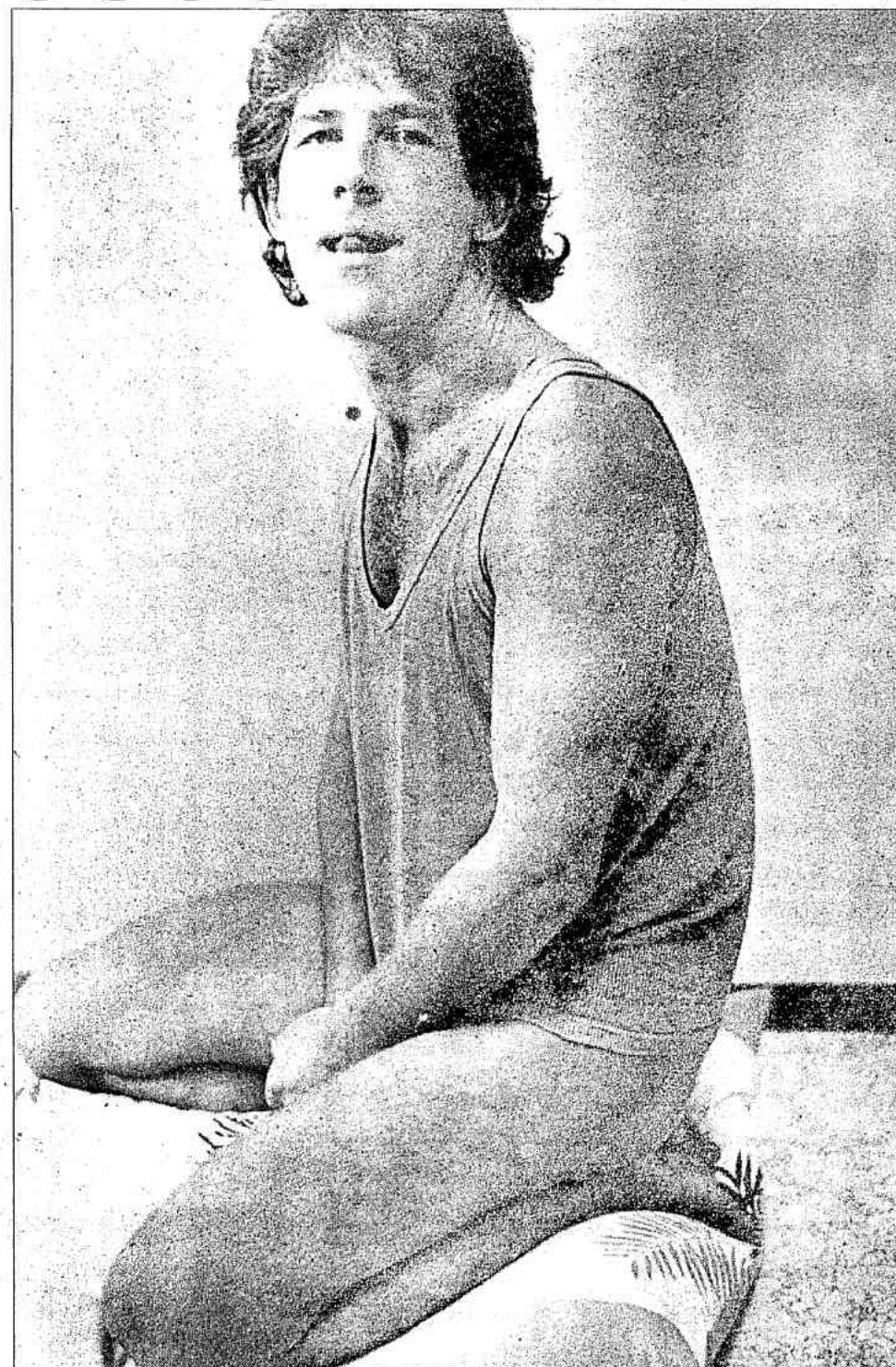


dodge city

In the new *Woroni* we begin investigating the secret, often sordid past of the ANU. In this picture we arrive at the moment Peter Allen deigned to visit our esteemed campus. Investigating early theories of free-form movement and lycra, Peter proved that those without penises need not feel excluded - as evidenced by the guy on the right who is still quite clearly overcoming castration trauma. Cheeky humour is also present in the radiant face of the slinky young thing popping up over the wall in order to bring delight to those down below. All in all a truly delightful show.



0055 — PANTIES



Resident *Woroni* pornologist, Jason Richardson, wants everyone to feel really, really good in a really really big moustache, crushed red velvet, black vinyl, mirrors on the ceiling, feel-the-love, kind of way; as his article this month will attest. So to honour all of you who would entertain fantasies of being this year's "Home Brewed Porn Slag" get the whip crackin' (and hey, why not literally, after all it is the 90s as that "Talk to me" ad keeps saying) and send us your home made porn...and remember, discretion assured. This month welcomes an early 80s sauce boat Philosophy lecturer who, understandably, wishes to remain anonymous but appears here in his days as but a horny young tutor with a rod of iron instead of a crotch. Keep on keepin' on and remember keep sending those norg shots.

click!



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woroni

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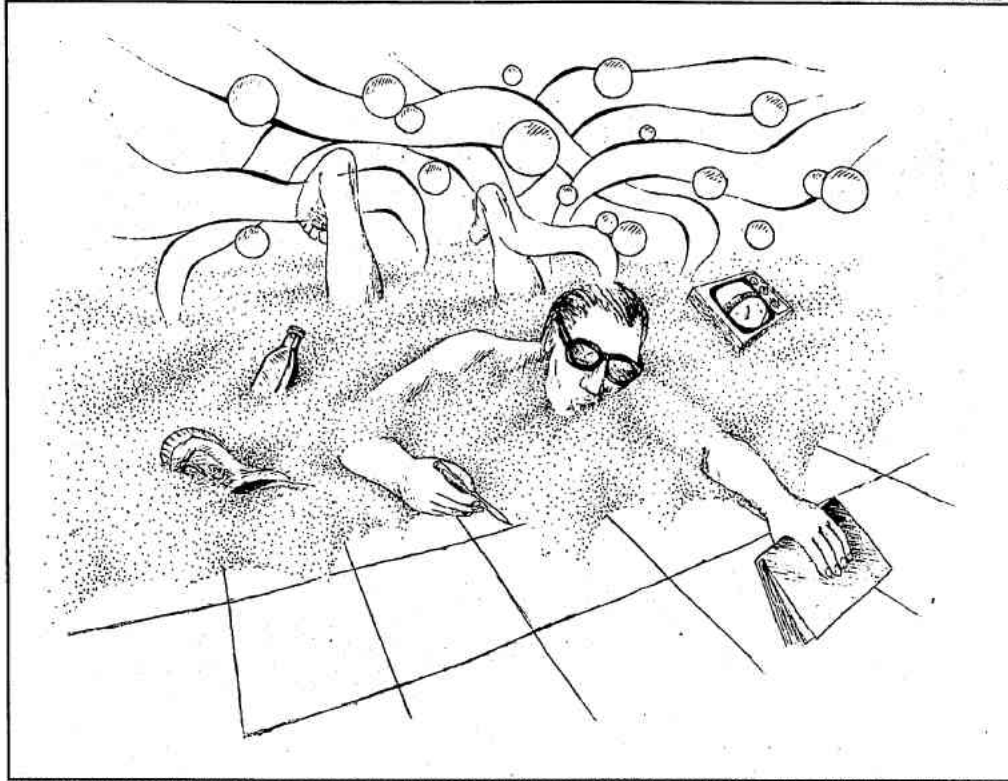
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don't think twice, it's alright



I was re-reading an essay about the Velvet Underground the other day (as you do) in which the writer was talking about the importance of the word "alright" (or "all right" if you prefer) to Lou Reed. In his songs, "alright" can mean anything and everything from a feeling of sheer relief that you've survived the day to the most glorious, undefeatable feeling in the world. I have given this some thought, and would have to say that "alright" is probably my favourite word in the entire English language, and definitely my favourite in the oh-so-eloquent vocabulary of rock'n'roll. Think Mick Jagger's rawk during the late 60s, and the end of You Am I's "Soldiers". Mmmm. But that special alright feeling is in no way limited to blokes prancing about on stage, wearing pants that are so tight as to be a health hazard. I was relaxing down at the coast with my folks last weekend (again, as you do) and spent a good deal of the time swimming. The Mollymook surf is nothing to write home about, but that's ok, and it just felt really good just to flop around in the water like a retarded seal for an hour or two everyday, even if I ended up spending nearly as long putting on sunscreen. I love the feeling of diving deep underwater and then swimming upwards with your eyes open — the sky pushing back the edges of the water as you get closer to the surface, until you get a lungful of air.

All very poetic, but I do have a vague point or two here. In the face of the start of another year, I've been trying as much as possible to clear my head and make a fresh start. For me, and according to my limited research, for a bunch of other people as well, 1997 was a weird, not-so-great year. Not bad — actually far from it — but kind of mildly fucked up. One quiet weekend at the beach helped clear some of the residual craziness from the back of my brain. The ocean is good like that — thank god they didn't build Canberra too far from the water. But if Canberra was on the coast, I'd probably just take it all for granted, so things are alright as they are. As it is, that big, indifferent greye blue pond serves as a constant reminder that my "problems" are insignificant, and that there are better things to be getting on with.

who's that girl?

And the big question is who is this girl? Is it you, is it your best friend, is it that girl who you always see lurking round the refectory? If you find her, bring her into the *Woroni* office and we'll give you and her a big prize. And stay tuned, next time it could be you who is *who's that girl?*



I also got to hang out (albeit briefly) with two of my best mates who have since moved away from good ol' Canberra and that too was a godsend. Sometimes getting away from Canberra can be goooood. But I definitely don't subscribe to the once-I-get-away-from-Canberra-everything-will-be-better school of thought. Some Canberra bashing is justified, but recently I've come to see that this place ain't so bad at all. And I can feel just as good on my Lynham balcony with a cup of tea at 10:45 on a Thursday morning as I can diving off the rocks down the coast. So here's hoping that the sense of dread which seems to accompany the start of yet another year at uni for most people, I know will fade quicker than usual, and that 1998 won't be so bad after all.

The summer holidays are obviously good for making that cruise feeling a bit easier to come by. Even working most days in a week, mine has been groovy. Hopefully yours has too. Look for the people who went overseas for the holidays — they'll be the ones who look white and anaemic in O-Week. Ha ha. My summer highlight would have to have been the Vans Warped festival in Milton, which was a shambles but still great fun. Even though you knew beforehand that it would be a bunch of American bands who couldn't pronounce "Ulladulla" properly playing to a field (later mudbath) of boys with blink-182 t-shirts and wallet chains, and girls in long cut-off blue/grey camouflage shorts and wrap-around sunnies, it was still fantastic. Stuff the purists who cling desperately to the "real punk ethos" and who try sooo hard not to sell out. When a couple of thousand people jump up and down in time, or all ooh and aah as some guy on a skateboard stacks, it feels good to be there.

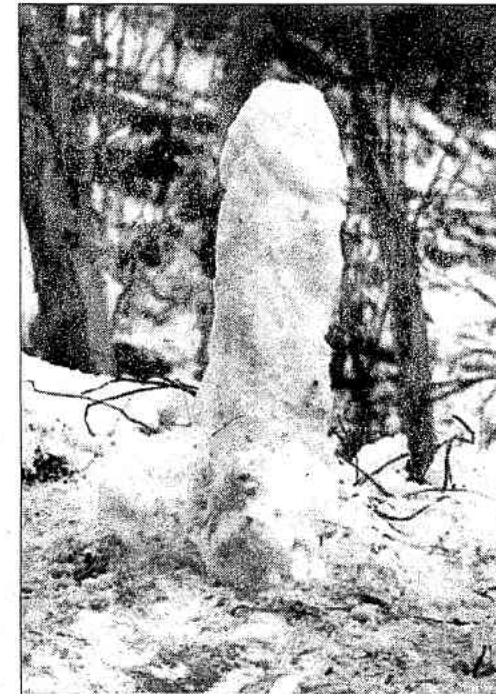
So, pontificating aside, I'm here to say I've turned 22, quit smoking, fucked some things up, but generally had a pretty good time over the last few months. Welcome (back) to Canberra for another year. Yee haw. There's bound to be a couple of winters of discontent coming up, but hopefully everything will be alright.

P.S. And for those of you experiencing relationship troubles at the moment, remember the eminently wise (and misquoted) words of Timmy Freedman: "She's one in a million, but there's five more in New South Wales."



Where's Willy?

Searching one lonely evening through the extensive *Woroni* historical archives we were to chance upon this picture of a loan frozen "snow phallus" from the vintage 70s. Thus we at *Woroni* have decided to start a bit of metaphorical "hide the sausage" with our new game "Where's Willy." Here's the crazy lowdown... in each issue the picture directly to your right will appear secretly encased within the folds of your esteemed uni paper. So get out your Peter Brady detective kits and let us know where lies the picture of the aforementioned penis and come into *Woroni* for fun and prizes (seriously, you win shit). If you are the first to come into our office and point to the precise location of the aforementioned chilly phallus, then you will receive an hilariously saucy prize.



pic of the crop

Welcome back to another year of Pic of the Crop. And what a wonderful year of splendid horticultural exploits of the illicit variety we hope to bring you. It's a real pity the Canberra Show only has contests for cows, jam and vegies. *Woroni* is confident ANU students would win the dope plant prize every year. This edition features a young man bound for glory in the dope growing stakes with a very promising effort. Pictures of your dope plants will be gratefully received. Drop them into the *Woroni* office and have

In *Woroni*'s seeringly controversial article found in the last issue of the last year, (banned in Queensland — but don't think that we're going to let Joh and his jackboot fascists stop us) *Woroni* made the unprecedented call of christening 1997 "The International Year of Celebrity Death." Few other publications have been willing to take such a hard editorial stand; so imagine if you will the level of euphoria and general self-justification felt when we discovered that, in the dying moments of last year, the ultimate celebrity death had occurred — Michael Hutchence. Michael not only proved *Woroni* right, yet again, but entirely revived his career by dying the ultimate rock death complete with rumours of autoerotic asphyxiation (the coroner's report denies the bit about the beating off — whatever). This totally wiped out all



other contenders for the title of "Best Death in 1997" (including Diana who only died in a boring old car accident). It is for this reason therefore that we have decided to award poor old horny Michael the first spot in our new "Celebrity Death" feature. Over the coming months we will be featuring those famous people who have died unexpectedly, especially in bizarre ways and particularly focusing upon those whose careers were beginning to reach a particularly interesting level of ludicrous self-parody. Now all you the reader must do is sit back and wonder "Well who's next?" and let *Woroni* drain the dead pool for you. Brendan's celebrity death tips for 1998: Kirsty Alley — Scientology weight loss programme gone horribly wrong; Richard Marx — hairspray inhalation; Roger Daltry — spontaneous combustion caused by lack of talent; Gene Simmons — overdose of cum.

celebrity deaths

Axe still hangs over Arts

by Matt Tinning

The crisis which plagued the ANU Arts Faculty during 1997 appears further than ever from resolution as students return to campus this week.

In August last year the University announced that the Faculty's projected deficit was over \$3 million, and that at least 32 jobs would need to be shed. A 19-page discussion document detailed plans to downsize every department in the Faculty, with Classics being targeted for closure. A vigorous response from staff and students saw these plans put on hold while the accuracy of the deficit projections was independently verified, and avenues for increasing alternative revenue sources were explored. This process led to a significant decline in the number of staff targeted for removal, however the Chancery continued to insist that considerable restructuring would be required to bring the Faculty within budget.

While involuntary redundancy notices issued to four academic staff late last year were later withdrawn, fears persist within Arts that academics will be targeted for involuntary redundancy in the next few weeks. These concerns were heightened by the outcome of the 28 January meeting of the Arts Conciliation Committee, a key body consisting of university and National Tertiary Education Union nominees. The minutes of that meeting confirm that "the dispute about whether there is currently a necessity to proceed to involuntary redundancies has not been able to be conciliated." Further, many academics are mindful of the warnings that Professor Richard Campbell, the Senior



(above) Could this be the new-look arts faculty of the ANU? (please note, models were used for this photograph, who are in no way related to this story)

Officer responsible for the Faculties, offered in September last year. He noted that any delay in making downward adjustments in staffing numbers would necessitate more drastic changes at a later stage. It is this warning that has led some senior academics to voice fears that up to eight involuntary re-

dundancy notices may be imminent. This would be in addition to the routine removal of staff reaching the end of fixed-term appointments, a policy which saw the departure of at least three academics at the end of 1997.

The threat of such wholesale changes to the staffing profile of the Arts

Faculty continue to draw fire from both student and staff unions. Nick Sellars, the Division Industrial Officer at the NTEU, has signalled that he will continue to push the ANU to examine an internal re-allocation of resources to ensure that both involuntary redundancies and the "arbitrary" non-renewal of

fixed-term appointments can be avoided. Harry Greenwell, President of the ANU Students' Association, said that he was extremely concerned by the impact that further cuts in the Faculty would have on both staff and students, and vowed to closely monitor the situation.

Tennis Terrorism



(above) Would-be terrorist, or wanker? The TPJO at work

vandalism of these "padlocks of oppression" by stating that "this action was forced upon us by the uncaring, unthinking Sports Union Management. With little warning, it [the Union] introduced an hourly charge - payable by Sports Union members and non-members - on the use of ANU tennis courts."

The Sports Union, whilst charging admission to the courts for years, only late last year began enforcing payment by padlocking the gates. The rental for members is \$2 an hour, compared to non-members' \$6.

The previously unheard-of organisation comprises of "disaffected, aggrieved [sic] S.U. members" wishing to "highlight this injustice" of compulsory fees. After having already paid Sports Union membership, TPJO members are prepared to fight "this unfair scheme to wrench the final few dollars from student tennis-players' pockets!!!"

"The sole objective in our continuing campaign of guerilla warfare," the press statement continues, "is to make the charging of admission to the tennis courts (for members) an economic absurdity. We plan to do this by making the Union pay more (in extra security, repairs, and replaced equipment) than it makes..."

The vandalism, and accompanying threat of escalating attacks, has left the Sports Union Management baffled but resolute. Executive Officer Grant Cole

believes the fees are not exorbitant, and is adamant they will stay in place. "Everything at the Sports Union is user-pays...if members could access everything for free after paying an initial fee, it would send the Sports Union spiralling into bankruptcy," said Mr Cole. "It's all heavily subsidised, of course - for four students to hire a tennis court, it is only 50 cents each an hour."

"These small fees help students, by clearing off the public servants who used to take up all the courts," Mr Cole continued. "This small, 'disaffected' group may continue such attacks, but we will certainly continue to do what is best for all Sports Union members."

Sports Union Facilities Manager Clay Coad is equally determined not to bow to the TPJO's extreme tactics. The "little stinkers" won't get their way, he said.

There have been a number of recent incidents following the 'padlock policy' of enforcing tennis court rental. Some students jump the fence to continue playing for free. Three weeks ago, a man who jumped the fence injured his ankle whilst playing, and blamed the Sports Union for the delay in medical assistance. It is unclear whether a link exists between this accident and the subsequent formation of the TPJO.

A Police spokesman refused to comment on whether they are investigating the matter.

ANU Superhero



(above) Eco-man — dropping into a theatre near you

From the rainforests of Amozonia as an exchange student, to Papua New Guinea for his ANU honours thesis and back to Canberra as an environmental superhero in primary schools, Morgan Currajong, or as the primary kids call him, 'Eco Man' has been a tireless environmental campaigner. Come and hear him speak about the environment, and throw in a few anecdotes about the ANU from someone who survived an honours degree here and went on to bigger things. Eco Man can be heard in Manning Clarke at 3 pm on Friday. Don't miss what is sure to a lively speech!

Organisation (TPJO), has launched a "continuing campaign of guerilla warfare" against the Sports Union.

The TPJO has claimed full responsibility for a late-night, February 2 attack on the Sports Union tennis courts that left 10 padlocks filled with superglue. In a press release sent to the *Woroni* office, the TPJO attempted to justify its

by Michael Cook

Prez Says: Big Year Ahead



(above) Harry Greenwell



by Maggie Kaufmann

Newly elected Students' Association president, Harry Greenwell, highlighted a better profile of the SA amongst the ANU student body as one of the important targets for 1998. Keen to increase student participation in the Students' Association, Harry is aware of one view of the SA as being only for politicians. "There are a lot of important things that we do - clubs and societies, sexuality department, the second hand book shop, and now the position of welfare officer are all very important parts of the SA. People can become active within these bodies and completely avoid the 'sleazy skuzzy' side of student politics."

With O-Week activities underway, the SA is already planning for the rest of the year. A free 'meet the SA' BBQ will be held once a term during the year. Bush week activities (including the gnome hunt), and blue stocking week will also get SA more involved.

Harry will be the first SA President to lead a split SA executive, as three of the other four positions are filled by Democrat Student Representatives.

The President believes that this split will not cause great problems. "I think that we generally do have fairly similar

perspectives on many issues, and am hoping that this will help us work well together."

On the first day on the job, Harry sat in a meeting of the university response group to the West Review (a higher education discussion review). It appears that this review will propose dramatic changes insofar as funding for universities go. There will be more competition for funding, which may have detrimental effects on the ANU (and possibly increasing student fees even more).

Experienced, with two terms as a Science Rep on the Board and 1997's General Secretary of the SA, Harry sees his position merely as an extension of past roles. "There are ongoing issues taken up last year which I intend to see come to fruition." Up front fees, a bursary scheme and a graduate loan scheme are amongst these. Vegetarian, keen cricketer and debater, Arts/Science student, and is willing to admit to liking maths. Harry is intending to break away from tradition to attend his lectures in philosophy throughout the year. So will the BBQs be catering for vegetarians?

ANU Students Star at ConCon

by Michael Cook

Two ANU students were amongst the 152 delegates at the recent Constitutional Convention, organised to decide if Australia wanted a republic and determine a model for an Australian republic.

Anne Witheford, an Arts/Law student and President of the Republicans on campus, was elected by the people of the ACT as an Australian Republican Movement delegate. Heidi Zwar, also an Arts/Law student and President of the ANU Liberal Club, was appointed to the convention by the Prime Minister.

Coming in to the Convention, Ms. Witheford wanted the delegates to reach a consensus on "a contemporary, non-hereditary and non-sexist Australian office of head of state" that "can fulfil a unifying and inspiring role for all Australians."

Ms Zwar, who declared herself a constitutional monarchist at the beginning of the Convention, and told *Woroni*

last year she would represent the views of "younger Australians...who don't see the need for any immediate rush into a republic," wanted the Convention to produce a "greater understanding and public awareness of the issues."

Ms Witheford impressed media commentators, and especially Robert Macklin of *The Canberra Times*, with her articulate and intelligent speeches on a range of issues at the Convention. Mr Macklin described in his column Ms Witheford's "valuable contribution" both in addressing the delegates and in working groups.

Ms. Zwar spoke strongly on the issue of states rights, and advised delegates to consider the nation's youth in making any decision. "There's well over 20% of the Australian population that won't be able to vote at a referendum," said Ms Zwar, "and every delegate...[must] think about what is in the best interests of the youth of this country."

Fewer Uni Applications

by Carl Nicholls

Applications for University places in the ACT and NSW have dropped by more than eight percent this year. Similar falls in other states have left Universities making approximately 10,000 fewer offers of places.

The alarming fall has been attributed by many to the large increase in the Higher Education Contribution Scheme (HECS) payments introduced by the current Federal Government. The Federal Opposition and Democrats labelled the increased payments as 'detracting a generation of young Australians from achieving a university education'.

One of the areas hardest hit by the drop in applications has been Science. A combination of poor career prospects, and a jump in HECS from \$2,500 to \$4,700 a year, has apparently led many would-be students to choose other subjects. This has led to some NSW Universities to offer a science place to school-leavers with a TER as low as 37.

The drop has forced University of Canberra to lower entry TER cut-offs; a UC spokesman was adamant, however, this would not lower the University's standards. Some suggest the ANU may have to make a similar move, albeit more covertly.

Refectory, Union Restructured



(left) Students and staff chow down at the ANU back in '71

by Chris Davies

Over summer, the ANU refectory has undergone a startling restructuring. Gone is the old do-it-yourself sandwich bar; now ANU students have an amazing array of foods available, from organic salads to modern Italian.

Older students may feel a tad disoriented with everything so bright and shiny. It should be back to its normal gruttiness in about three months.

Another recent renovation on campus is the transformation of one of three

Sports Union squash courts into more office space for the Health Centre. Despite an objection from the Union and strong opposition from squash-playing students, the University insisted that the Centre needed space to expand.

Executive Officer of the Sports Union, Mr Grant Cole, believes the change will not have too much of an impact on Sports Union members. "We would prefer to be in charge of our own destiny, but the University has said it needs to increase medical services...and we have to respect that", said Mr Cole.

Law's Female Professor

by Kate Booth

ANU law students are to benefit from the wisdom and experience of one of legal academe's most highly regarded scholars. Professor Hilary Charlesworth has become the first female professor in the Faculty of Law, taking up the position of Director at the Centre for International and Public Law.

While Professor Charlesworth was once a self-described "reluctant" law student, she is now regarded as a leading international lawyer, teacher and academic.

Beginning with honours degrees in Arts and Law at Melbourne University, Professor Charlesworth's career has since included a High Court associateship with Sir Ninian Stephen, a Masters scholarship at Harvard, and a brief stint in a commercial firm on Wall Street before discovering the joys of teaching - first at University of Tennessee, and on her return to Australia, at Melbourne University and the University of Adelaide. It was at Adelaide that she enjoyed a "critical mass" of strong, articulate senior women legal academics - an experience she hopes will continue in her new position at ANU.

She expects 1998 will be a year of steep learning curves, "learning how to go to meetings again," and the rediscovery of the "rejuvenating delights" of teaching.



(left) Anne Witheford



(right) Heidi Zwar

Comment

Heidi Zwar went to the Constitutional Convention proclaiming she was there to represent the nation's youth. Instead, she betrayed us.

In polls conducted across Australia, the young people surveyed (generally in the 18-25 age bracket) have repeatedly and overwhelmingly voiced their wish for Australia to be led by an Australian Head of State. Our democratic beliefs are offended by our present Head of State being a

hereditary-based foreign monarch. We don't like the fact that the Governor-General, the highest position in our government, is only a delegate for another country's ruler.

But when the final vote came, Heidi sold out; her decision was influenced not by what we wanted, but her loyalty to a monarchist PM and (dare I say it) by her own self-interest. She was not elected to her position, but appointed by John Howard.

Throughout the convention, it became clear a mistake had been made in Heidi's appointment. This was most obvious in her *Canberra Times* "Convention Diary" article, that began with "Dear Mum and Dad" and concluded with "Give my love to the cat and dog". Was she treating this Convention, vitally important to our future, as a joke?

Comment is written by a staff writer with the support of the News Editor.

in brief

Grad House Goes

After housing thousands of ANU students, tutors, and researchers over the years, the old ANU Graduate House and Graduate Court buildings have been sold by the University to property developers. A consortium paid \$9.2 million for the sites, located on the corner of Northbourne Avenue and Barry Drive.

The ANU is in the process of selling off \$30 million in 'non-essential' off-campus residential property. This money is going towards the University's \$219 million capital management plan, which includes a new Graduate House currently under construction on campus.

Coombs Scholarships

The ANU will give a maximum \$100,000 to assist an Aboriginal Studies Scholarship program established to honour the late Dr H. C. "Nugget" Coombs. Dr Coombs, who died last year, was Chancellor of the ANU from 1968 to 1976, as well as serving as a leading public servant under several federal governments. He is remembered for being a passionate advocate for the rights of Aboriginal people.

Launching an appeal to support the scholarships, ANU Vice-Chancellor Terrell described Dr Coombs as tirelessly working "to promote awareness of Aboriginal issues". The scholarships will be available to post- and undergraduates to study at the ANU North Australia Research Unit in Darwin.

Students in Court over Murder

Two Australian National University law students have appeared in the ACT Magistrates Court over the death of a man in *Anu Singh* is charged with the murder of her de-facto husband, Joe Cinque, through the lethal injection of heroin. Madhavi Rao has been charged with conspiracy to commit murder.

Woroni wants you!

Ever compelled to seek fame and glory as an intrepid, resourceful, unflappable reporter? If so, *Woroni* wants you! The News, Opinion, and Reviews sections are all looking for that special someone who can fill that aching void...so see us at our Market-Day stall, or call 62487127 for the ticket to a better life.

Campus View

This issue we snuck-up behind unsuspecting people and quizzed them on campus religion and celebrity death...

Questions:

- 1 What's your favourite religion and why?
- 2 Have you ever been harassed by a religion on campus?
- 3 Who will be the first celebrity to die of the academic year?



Rowena - Arts Faculty Office

- 1 Honestly, none of them spring to mind.
- 2 Yes! That 'smile sticker' guy. Oh, hang on, is that a religion?
- 3 The Pope - they keep having to prop him up.



Linh - Interested Observer of ANU

- 1 But they're all so beautiful!
- 2 FOCUS nabbed me once.
- 3 Celebrities may die but celebritydom will live forever.



Rob - 2nd Yr Arts

- 1 You'd have to go with the Christians, they're so damn fervent.
- 2 FOCUS emotionally traumatised me at O-Week last year.
- 3 Elvis - I mean, he is 62 now, after all.

Women's Department '98

Greetings, Warrior Princesses!

Warrior Princesses' is the overall theme for the Women's Department this year. Xena (the original warrior princess) is a great role model for young women. She's assertive (physically and socially), stands up for what she believes in, and approaches problems from a variety of perspectives. A feminist of the 21st century. But more on Warrior Princesses next issue; O-Week is a time for basics and partying...

The women's department is basically responsible for promoting and protecting the interests of women students. The department has two officers — me; Kate Harridan, and the latest addition to the department; Cathy Craven. We plan, advertise, and produce activities that 'promote and protect the interests of women students'. Pretty broad role wot?

I encourage all women to support the department any way you can. Whether you only come to the events for a snack, or want to contribute to the direction and running of our de-

partment, our forum to discuss/improve the place of women students on campus.

The (mostly) monthly collective meetings are a good way to become involved 'cos it's at these meetings that activities and policies are decided. Largely autonomous from the SA, we can set an agenda as radical as we like. Another way to get involved is simply to ring the office and ask wot's happening and what needs to be done. Or, if you think there is something the office should be doing, speak up.

Lots of activities are planned for O-Week and the coming months. A full calendar of Women's Dept. activities can be found in several places, including the union building and library notice boards, the SA office, and the Rapunzel Room*. All activities are open to boys, unless stated otherwise. However, at no time will more boys than girls be allowed to participate in activities.

Don't hesitate to contact me for anything. Something small like a tampon, to assistance in reporting or deal-

ing with a rape or sexual harassment.

The women's office is a valuable resource to ensure a successful and fulfilling academic career. USE IT!! I look forward to your involvement, energies, and ideas. Remember: IF YOU DON'T GET INVOLVED YOU CAN'T INFLUENCE OUTCOMES!

Kate Harridan, Women's Officer
ph: 62798514

e-mail: wolkeeng@hotmail.com

*A note on the Rapunzel Room:

Rapunzel Room is women's only space that all women are more than welcome to use. It is in the Copland Building, at the top of a flight of stairs leading to The Tank courtyard. It has coffee, tea, tampons, a toilet, a baby changing table, internal phone and some comfy chairs. At the moment 24 hour access is via a combination lock. Contact Karen at the SA office, me, or the Counselling Centre, for the combination.

The Socialist Worker's Student Club (SWSC)

First meeting of the year, The Case for Socialism. With the crisis at the top of society creating poverty for those who create the wealth, the urgency of examining the alternatives increases. As we at ANU are also made to pay for the crisis, the contradictions of the market system can point to what is wrong with the way things are, and to the potential to change them. Tuesday 3rd March, Haydon Allen GO51, 1pm

Linking Employers and Students

For many University students, a part-time or casual job provides the essential financial support needed to complete a degree - in Canberra, however, such vacancies are often difficult to find. The ANU Careers and Employment Centre actively addresses this problem, and other employment difficulties, through an innovative and successful range of services.

One of the valuable services offered by the Centre is the casual employment noticeboard, which enables employers to quickly contact students actively looking for work. Employers wanting to fill a casual or part-time vacancy contact the Centre, which places the job specifications on the Careers Centre Homepage, that can be regularly checked by students (who then communicate directly with the employer).

The Careers and Employment Centre primarily acts as a connection between the two parties, and ensures minimum wage standards are satisfied. This service is provided free-of-charge to students.

Other important services offered by the Centre include counselling students on possible course choices and graduate employment options, and helping students increase their job prospects by improving their resume preparation and interview technique. We also arrange visits by graduate employers for recruitment purposes, and conduct ongoing research on employment trends.

If you are looking for work whilst studying at the ANU, need advice on career prospects, or are seeking graduate employment at the completion of your degree, please drop by the Careers and Employment Centre (located on the Lower Ground Floor of the Chancelry Annex), call us on 62493593, or visit our website: <http://www.anu.edu.au/careers>

—Beryl West, Head of the ANU Careers and Employment Centre

Sexuality Department

Here we are for another very queer year at the ANU. Allow me to introduce myself: my name is Matt, I'm a 20 year old gayboy, and I am the Sexuality Officer for 1998. I was elected in mid-1997 to head the Students' Association's Sexuality Department, which is an office that looks after the queer students at the ANU. By 'queer' I mean any lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered or otherwise fabulous individuals.

The SexDept has several roles on campus: to give queer students a voice, be it in SA meetings, planning of social events or anything else that may pop up throughout the academic year; to carry out campaigns aimed at eliminating discrimination based on (perceived) sexuality; to provide information and referral services to any queer who wants or needs them; to act as a contact point, whether it be during the coming-out process, the out-stage, or any other time; and to provide assistance to queers where appropriate.

The other major role that we play on campus is to provide all those little safe-sex things that you've all heard about (and surely by the end of O-Week will have a lot of): condoms, lubricants, dams and gloves. These are available freely to all students from the 'Lady

Lube Memorial Bowl', located in Karen's office in the SA. Come by, pick up some supplies and have a safe, good time on us!

1998 looks set to be an interesting year for the SexDept. The first campaign for the year is already set to go - watch out for a lot of queers to appear on posters around campus in the near future, as well as on the just-printed safe-sex packs. They are sure to get some people up in arms, as they all feature gorgeous fag and dyke couples making out. "Yikes!" I hear some people say. Well, I say "Encore!"

As far as I'm concerned, there can never be enough fags and dykes kissing passionately in public. The more visibility queers have, the better. Unless more people see this sort of thing, they will never get used to it; and until people realise that we are not going away, they will keep 'tolerating' us. Which brings me to a point I should make clear right from the start of the year.

Nobody deserves tolerance. Acceptance is what people deserve.

To me, tolerance is to sit quietly in a corner, not telling anybody that I'm queer, and to actually be queer - be in love with another gayboy, being with a gayboy. Tolerance to me is 'Sit there,

and shut the fuck up". I'm over tolerance. And while acceptance is still a word that places the power in the other person's hands, it's the best word I can come up with at the moment. If you can think of a better word, please let me know.

For now though, acceptance is what the SexDept always has, and always will, fight for on the campus, and in the wider community as a whole. I guess that is the best way to sum up the Sexuality Department - we are fighting for acceptance, and I don't think we're doing too badly. Sure, there are those prejudiced arseholes who feel the need to try and silence us (the Liberal Party springs to mind), but I don't like their chances. There's just too many of us.

For now, I welcome all you queers out there to the ANU! Come and say hello to me on Market Day, pick up your 1998 Queer Handbook and some latex and lube, and enjoy your time here on campus. And of course - Happy Mardi Gras!

Matt Schmidt, ANU Sexuality Officer

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opinion



President's Report
Harry Greenwell
sa president

h.greenwell@student.anu.edu.au

Sleazy, ambitious thugs. Small-minded, petty deal-makers working their way up the greasy pole. Inept and incompetent scumbags who are out of touch with the student body. All in all, student politicians get a pretty bad

rap and sometimes, deservedly so. Nonetheless, I want you to put aside your prejudices, put on your rose-tinted glasses and take another look at your Students' Association. Sure its got some warts, but there's plenty it does which is worth knowing about and there's just as much which has nothing to do with back-stabbing, deal-making or brown paper bags.

The SA represents students when the Government is reducing university operating grants, increasing HECS, introducing up-front fees, reducing Austudy eligibility and slashing Abstudy. Already this year we have written a submission to the Abstudy review arguing that Abstudy should be retained in its present form and that its funding should be restored. We have argued that the changes in HECS and Austudy have contributed to the record fall in enrolments around the country and have done our best to remind the public of the damaging effects of the 1996 budget.

The Students' Association has also written a response to the Higher Education Review Discussion Paper. The SA strongly rejects the starting point of the

Discussion Paper, which is that greater competition will improve services for students. The basic problem, only briefly addressed in the Paper, is that free market theories of competition don't apply to universities, which can never even approximate free markets. There are many dangers, including: higher student charges (as seen in the US), more money wasted on marketing and advertising, and new and regional universities entrenched as 'second-class unis'. This year we will all need to be vigilant when these changes are proposed. The final report is due in late March.

Student representatives sit on over 50 University committees and have proven to be successful as advocates for the student body. In 1996, students convinced the University to triple the size of its bursary scheme for cash-strapped regional students. Students also pushed for the introduction of supplementary exams for students who narrowly fail their course (these will finally be in place this semester). Students have cajoled the Uni into guaranteeing a loan scheme for graduates paying Graduate Tuition Fees and they

have also lobbied for stricter sexual harassment procedures. This year we will continue to work hard to produce similar results.

But that's not all. The SA provides a cheap second-hand bookstore, free condoms, *Woroni* and a parenting room. We have a wonderful Welfare Officer who can help with Austudy hassles, housing problems and just about any other difficulty you may have. We fund and support over 100 clubs and societies on campus. We also have Women and Sexuality Officers who provide confidential counselling and advice, as well as supporting Women and Queers on campus.

But wait there's more. Many tireless, hard-working students have spent much of their summer to bring you another blinding O-Week and the free student diary. Many, many thanks must go to all those people for their work. We will continue to organise social activities and free BBQs throughout the year.

So though scumbags we may be, we're scumbags who want to help you. Come and drop into the office (above the Uni bar) — you never know, you may even find that some of us are quite nice people.

Opinion

The Women's Constitutional Convention

by Julie Maron

On January 29 and 30, in the week before the Constitutional Convention, the Women's Constitutional Convention (WCC) was welcomed by Agnes Shea, elder of the Ngunnawal, onto the land of the Ngunnawal people at Parliament House. It was inspiring in this climate of racial tension to hear the speakers at WCC acknowledge and appreciate that welcome prior to speaking.

The WCC was convened to ensure that Australian women would, for the first time, have a say in changing the constitution. Marilyn Dooley of the National Film and Sound Archive showed WCC delegates footage of the signing of the original constitution. One poignant image I am left with is that of the sea of men participating fully, while their wives are left to peer at the process from behind pillars. When the original was being drafted by our forefathers 100 years ago, most Australian women did not even have suffrage. It has been said that the constitution has

served us well - why change it? And for that matter, why take steps to ensure women have a say, when everything turned out so well without women the first time around? To continue to have relevance, gender issues must be addressed when considering change. Our current head of state is a woman, but under the rules of the monarchy this only happens when there is no man for the job. It doesn't even have to be the best man, just the lucky one who was born first. Our current system of constitutional monarchy is unashamedly sexist at its core, and retaining this system does nothing to promote respect for all people in our society.

As a delegate to the WCC representing ANU Women Law Students I was privileged to hear papers presented by women from all walks - delegates to the people's convention, members of parliament, academics, indigenous women and representatives of various women's organizations. These papers considered whether Australia should

become a republic - the majority of delegates were in favour of a republic provided it allowed for full recognition of indigenous Australians, and gender equity in all processes of change, the powers and selection of a head of state, other constitutional and legal reform issues including the Preamble to the constitution and a Bill of Rights, and electoral and other reforms, including the importance of proportional representation in Parliament, and gender balance in the High Court.

The delegates also participated in working groups on these issues and the outcomes of the Convention were tabled at the Constitutional Convention on February 4 by the chair Ian Sinclair and are thereby in the official Hansard. However, this is by no means the end of the line. Constitutional reform is a continuing process and the WCC outcomes include the importance of civic education "in order for the whole community to participate effectively." Undoubtedly this is a significant time in

our country's history - let's ensure all citizens are side by side when we move forward, with no-one peering from behind the pillars.

Julie Maron can be contacted on: <http://www.womensconv.dynamite.com.au>

women_law_students@student.anu.edu.au

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For a fighting democratic NUS

By David Gosling

This year Resistance and other activists will be campaigning for a referendum on ANU affiliating to the National Union of Students (NUS). With the government cutting higher education funding and university administrations introducing fees all over the country, the need for a campaigning national union is greater than ever. What are the facts about N.U.S.? Why should we affiliate?

We've seen that when left activists win influence in NUS, it can play a greater role. NUS New South Wales has a better record of grass-roots activism and support for progressive campaigns (including the anti-racism movement, freedom for East Timor and the campaign to free Indonesian political prisoners).

One of the key questions is how to open up NUS to more activist input into the planning and organising of national campaigns. NUS currently has a great policy platform, the main point is then how is this realised in practice? At the moment it is mainly a number of active individuals swimming against the general culture of NUS that are making this organisation a useful coordinator of the campaign against the education cuts.

One project Resistance delegates in NUS have been arguing for is a greater proportion of funding for state branches where there is a more direct role played in the various campaigns. If ANU and UCan (which is already affiliated) could form an ACT branch, students would have greater amount of resources to

defend their interests.

To sum up, NUS isn't perfect, but it's got potential. Student unions need active student involvement. It's not enough just to vote for NUS delegates and hope they'll save us from the Liberals and the VC. We have to get active - so get involved in your Education Action Group, and help organise a campaign against the cuts. Mass action by students, backed and funded by their national union, is a key way to stop the attacks on our education system.

To get involved in campaigning for an active, democratic NUS, and for free accessible education, join the Education Action Group, call 62472424 or drop by the Resistance stall in Union Court.

Dangerous Debates:

to ANU, or not to ANU — that is the question

Feeling confident in your choice of tertiary institutions? Or perhaps you're just a little unsure? Either way, you owe it to yourself to read this. Steve Wellerman (of UC) and Chris Davies (of ANU), armed only with vitriolic vocabularies and a fatal lack of facts, prepare to fight to the literary death for your reading pleasure. So strap yourself in for an emotional rollercoaster as these two Titans of Type slug it out over the issue of University Supremacy: ANU or UC?



Steve Wellerman

If you're reading this, it's more than likely you've recently sentenced yourself to 3-5 years at an institution for those members of society completely unable to live in the real world — commonly referred to as the ANU.

You poor, sick little puppy. You just couldn't help yourself, could you? When browsing through those glossy ANU recruitment brochures, with their pictures of tanned, handsome, and utterly healthy students, hunkered down in groups under the trees (and obviously enjoying each other's company) you really thought to yourself: "Yes. I too will be popular, attractive to the opposite sex, and possess whiter-than-natural teeth. I will intelligently discuss current political issues, and passionately argue over facts of ancient history.

Because law students ranked in the top 10% of the TER, they believe in their natural right to soon rule the world — it's a pity most still have trouble with shoelaces when mummy isn't there.

My acne will improve. This institution will enrich me intellectually, emotionally, and physically. All I need to do is enrol in Arts/Law!

You can't tell me those thoughts didn't ripple through your mind... maybe they're even still there!

In reality, those beautiful 'students' you based your entire future on were brought in from a nearby Diet Coke promotion. In my (unfortunately extensive) experience most ANU students are a much more dour, sallow, and painfully earnest lot whose idea of a good time is arguing competing Marxist ideologies (whilst choking on their cheap cigar smoke), and to whom a raging night out is attending a Gypsy's nightclub modern poetry competition (they just love it when presenters say 'fuck').

Now, I don't like to generalise, but you're probably new here and this is stuff you really ought to know: Arts students are, basically, hippie wanna-be's or pretentious wankers — take your pick if you're enrolled in Philosophy 1001 this year. Because Law students ranked in the top 10% of the TER, they believe in their natural right to soon rule the world — it's a pity most still have trouble with shoelaces when mummy isn't there. And it's hard to find a more anti-social, inferiority-complex-riddled specimen than your average Science/Info-Tech student. I don't even want to think about Engineering. (The above descriptions apparently apply to lecturers in those faculties, too).

The one thing these groups all have in common? Their chronic inability to

excel in, nay, even cope with, the real world that surrounds university. ANU students are, undoubtedly, academically intelligent — it's a pity that counts for diddly off campus. The ANU claims to have one of the best percentages of high-paid graduates. That may be true, but I'm betting the percentage of sociopathic, drug-fucked, unemployable graduates is pretty high, too.

That's just the students. For even greater incompetence, one must look to the ANU Administration. I mean, hey, they're a swell bunch of blokes; it's only that sometime between 1994 and 1996 they entrusted the ANU's entire budget and account-keeping management to Homer Simpson. During that time, Admin continued on its merry way as the University went into an ugly series of death-throes. Suddenly realising something was rotten on campus, the lads hatched a clever plan to save the ANU: sack half the Arts Faculty and start a brothel in the Chancery building. Well, that and converting Chifley Library into a 12-screen cinema complex.

Look, don't get me wrong. I don't hate the ANU or ANU students — hell, I'm dating one for chrissake! It's just that the UC has had, for years, to put up with the tag of second-best. We're not — we're the best in what we offer. Thing is, UC offers courses that attract people who possess a desire to live in, and succeed in, the real world of business and government. What you've got to realise is that we're not in competition with you — hey, we're not playing the same fucking sport.

So, keep your head screwed on straight, and remember university life isn't life, but just a warped distortion. If you survive, apply for UC — where you can start preparing for the real world.



(above)Chifley Library: soon to be turned into a twelve screen cinema complex?



Chris Davies

I'm sick of it. The snivelling. The whingeing. The inferiority complexes. Some people sure do have a problem with the ANU. Why? Because they're stuck in some third-rate institution and desperately need someone, anyone, to slander to make themselves feel just that little bit better. That's why ANU is so often the target — because its students, its graduates, its lecturers and researchers so often succeed.

What is university all about? Learning. Knowledge. Teaching oneself to question accepted wisdom. It's not about getting a piece of paper to give you a better chance at scoring a cushy job. Sound a little naive? Maybe... but I prefer to think of it as a little bit of pure idealism in an increasingly dirty world. The ANU allows you to foster

Hey, sure, we'll need to get a job sometime. But not now. Give us a few years to discover more about our world, and more about ourselves

that idealistic streak (except, I grant, if you're enrolled in Economics or Commerce) and maybe, just maybe, you'll use your knowledge, and ability to learn, to create a revolutionary new scientific experiment, or mathematical equation, or new analysis of Wordsworth. You will have advanced the knowledge of humanity... sounds better than if your entire accomplishment in life is being the assistant vice-president of marketing, doesn't it.

After all, each one of us knows deep down (no matter how much some of us try to deny it), that true success in life is not based on some index derived by multiplying your annual salary by the number of BMWs you own. To those 'pragmatic' economic rationalists out there — mostly graduates of afore-

mentioned third-rate unis — who try to tell me that university is solely about making yourself more employable and nothing more, I say this: the acquisition of knowledge is a desirable end in itself. Sure, for many a job is an important aspect in fulfilling personal objectives. But the striving for knowledge, the stretching of the limits of our understanding, benefits all of us... and if (or when) that stops being a priority, humanity will inevitably descend back into barbarianism.

The ANU is a unique institution in Australia — not only does it seek to educate, but to discover. The University is split into two distinct segments: the Institute of Advanced Studies, a purely-research body, and the Faculties. Having a research and teaching side does make the ANU a bit unwieldy on occasion, but it also allows for greater interaction between those who discover, those who teach the discoveries, and those who seek to learn — us! As a consequence, the ANU wins awards when competing against the best universities in Australia — which makes us one of the (if not the) best.

And, it has to be said, the ANU's success is often despite, rather than because, of its Administration.

I had planned to avoid mention of the UC, not wanting to dignify their claims. But let me say this: they accuse us of snobbery; I accuse them of having a bloody big chip on their shoulder. Give it a rest already! We just don't care what you get up to. But sometimes it seems the entire UC mindset is one of bewildered outrage and jealousy towards the ANU. The following is a typical conversation at any one of Canberra's pubs:

UC bloke: So, darling, what do you do?
ANU woman: I'm studying at the ANU.
UC: Is that so... think you're better than me do ya?
ANU: What?

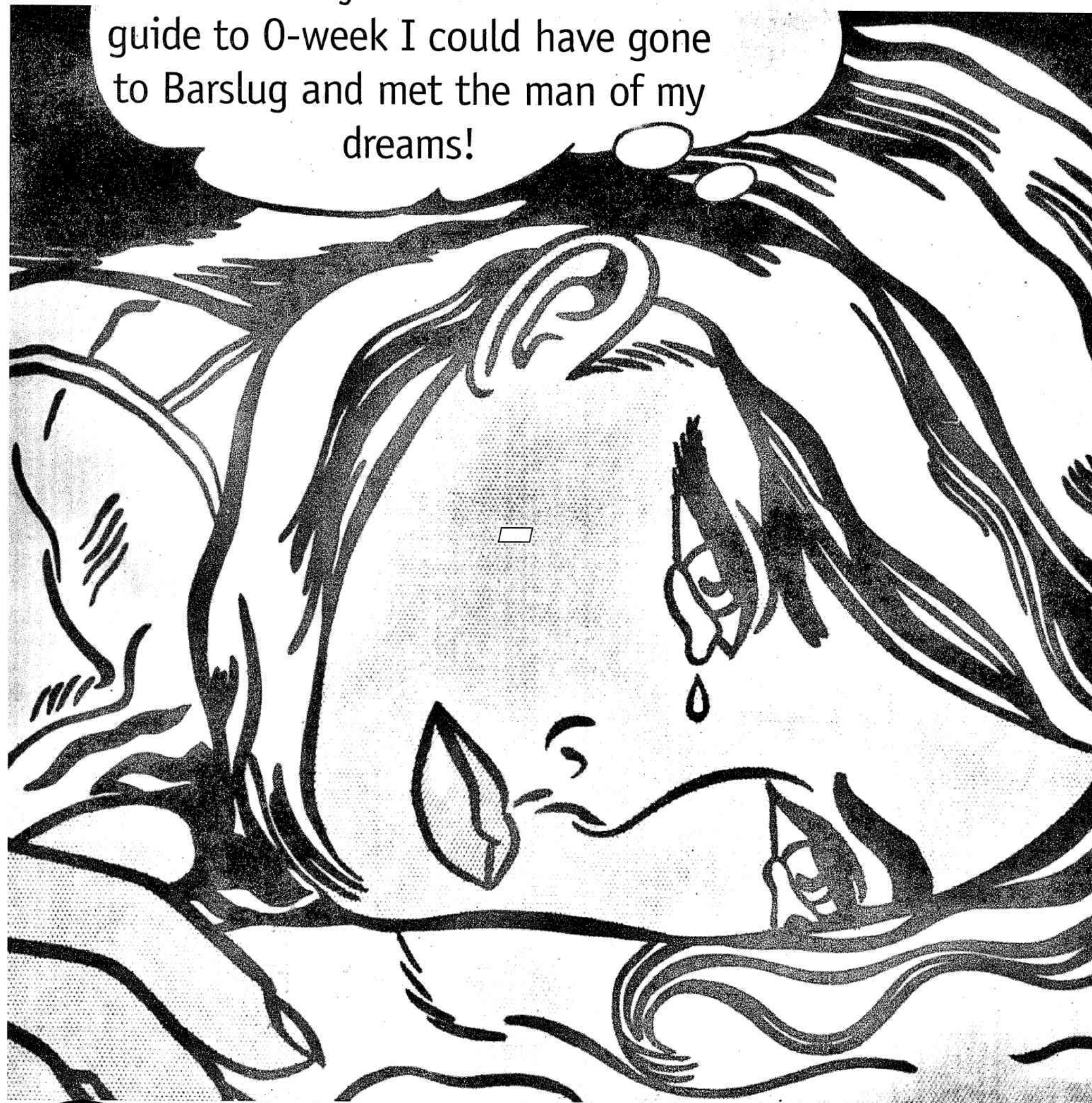
UC: You lot think you're so bloody great, strutting around quoting your Shakespeare and stuff. Wake up to the real world, baby!

ANU: I'm going to go now.
UC: Yeah, nick off! [turns to mates] Probably a commie anyway.

It's a bit scary how fervently they believe the sole purpose of life is to get a job. They, and others, are so damn eager to make little employable, unthinking morsels out of us all. Hey, sure, we'll need to get a job sometime. But not now. Give us a few years to discover more about our world, and more about ourselves, at one of the best places to do just that: the ANU.

debate

Damn! If only I'd read the woroni
guide to O-week I could have gone
to Barslug and met the man of my
dreams!



O-Week

**the definitive woroni
guide 1998**



the only timetable you'll need in O Week

TIME	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
8am			market day breakfast A big start to one of O Weeks biggest days. FREE champagne, fruit crossaints, & pancakes 9:00-5:00 2XX Broadcast Live	romp day ROMP: to frolic actively; a vigorous frolic, to move along easily and quickly, to involve one's self. It's not a sports day, it's not a health day. It is ROMP. 9:00 Murder III 9:00-5:00 Free tennis with the ANU Tennis Club 9:00-5:00 Free volleyball with the Volleyball Club		please try & sleep today, get peppi for WAX ON WAX OFF
9am			market day The biggest day of O Week. It is the day when all of the clubs and societies on campus come together in a mutual bid for more young and eager members. Come along and join a crazy club or two. Activities and hobbies come in all shapes and sizes; all of them equally valuable and special.			
10am						
11am	11.00-3.00 ANUSA BBQ. Vegetarians catered for. Come along & meet the people you need to hassle if you need anything throughout the year. If they can not cook you a sausage... well what can you expect.	11.00 Introduction to Asian Studies. MCC Theatre 2. 11.00-3.00 ANUSA BBQ. Vegetarians catered for. Brought to you by your wonderful Students' Association.	11.00 - Band - To be announced. 11.00-3.00 ANUSA and ANU Union BBQ and Beer tent. Vegetarians catered for. Be quick!	11.00 Band - Trouser Trouser 11.00-3.00 Jumping Castle 11.00-3.00 Bands and ANUSA BBQ. Romp as you mosh.	11.00-3.00 ANUSA BBQ. Vegetarians catered for. If you have not meet your great ANU Students' Association representatives THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. Do not miss it!	
12pm	12.00 Band - The Rug 12.45 - 1.50 Introductory lecture with welcoming from the Vice Chancellor. The Official Opening to O Week and the new academic year. This is your chance to meet the guy the Chancery Liberation Front would like to assassinate.	12.00 Band - Icecream Headache 12.00 - 2.00 Asian Studies present food, drink and music outside Manning Clarke. Join in with all the cool students from ANU's world renowned Asian Studies faculty. Catch them before they become the next faculty to be destroyed.	12.00 Band - To be announced 12.00-3.00 Asian Film Society preview in Manning Clarke 12.30 - 1.30 Society for Creative Anachronism presents a clash between knightly virtues, medieval fighting & heraldic display. Presented on Chifley Lawn. 12.30 SCUNA singing in the Refectory	12.00 Band - Smeq 12.00 The Kathmandu Undie Run 12.00 Introductory Law Lecture in the Law Lecture Theatre at the Law School 12.00-4.00 Rock climbing with the ANU Mountaineering Club. Women's climbing from 12 till 2. Open climbing from 2 till 4.	12.00 Band - Alpha Team 1	
1pm	1.00 Band - Homespun 1.00 Diamond Way Meditation Group present Meditation classes at the ANU Counselling Centre. For all you stressed out uni students.	1.00 Band - The New Wave Failures. 1.00 Diamond Way Meditation Classes held in the ANU Counselling Centre. Go along to relax & introduce yourself to the counselling centre people. You never know, you may need their helpful guidance oneday. 2.00 Band - To be announced 2.00 Campus Tours (general). Leaving from the Students' Association Infotent in Union Court	1.00 Band - Crumpet 1.00 Diamond Way, Meditation Classes held in the ANU Counselling Centre. You may really need to relax by now.	1.00 Fashion Parade and Queen of O Week Competition - presented by the ANUSA Sexuality Department, Pretty On the Inside and On the Cusp. 1.00 Psychology Society Introductory Lecture. Held in the Physics Lecture Theatre. 1.00 Diamond Way, Meditation Classes held in the ANU Counselling Centre. 1.00 Joint Faculty-Law Students Society BBQ on the Law School lawns.	1.00 Band - Rebel Astronauts 1.00 Diamond Way, Meditation Classes held in the ANU Counselling Centre.	
2pm	2.00 Band - Woodwound 2.00 General Campus Tours. Go on a campus tour. Taken by your lovely Student Representative Council & Student Union members. Leaving from the Students' Association Infotent in Union Court.		2.00 Band - Liquid 2.00 Introduction to Resistance: GO52. Come along and meet the people who love their chalk and believe that Che Guevara still lives. If you are interested in becoming involved with a group whose interests span from independence in East Timor, to environmental issues, this is the group for you.	2.00 Band - Cuss 2.00 Campus Tours. This time, be taken on a wild and wonderful tour of specific facilities. Leaving from the SA info tent in Union Court. 2.00 Jelly Wrestling. The highlight of O Week. We know you want to... 2.00 Debating Society Exhibition Debate. Manning Clarke Theatre. 2.00 Psychology Society BBQ	2.00 Band - No Strings Attached. 2.00 Campus Faculty Tours. Leaving from the SA info tent in Union Court. This could be your last chance to learn your way around ANU. Remember the last stop will always be the infamous ANU Uni Bar. See the new and improved Uni Bar... do not miss out. For some the bar is the only important faculty on campus.	
3pm						
4pm			4.00-5.00 ANUSA Womens Dept present a drugs and alcohol workshop & picnic outside Burton & Garran Hall.		4.00-5.00 Soccer Romp on Willows Oval.	
5pm	6.00 ANU & UC Combined City Nite. Brought to you by the letter "O". Pick up from ANU Union on free ACTION buses. All you need is a \$2 wrist band (available during the day & on the night) Jump on a bus & head out to start off at ucan's famous bar. Theme for the night is something starting with "O". Be inventive & dress up. There are prizes for those who dare to tango with their imaginations and the letter "O". 6.30-7.30 - UC Bar.	5.00-6.00 Happy Hour at the ANU Bar 5.00-7.00 The ANUSA Womens Dept present a Drugs & Alcohol workshop & picnic on the lawns outside the 'Rapunzel Room'.	5.00- till they are gagged... politics in the pub come along and hear ANUs different political parties debate the issue of "Higher Education - Who should Pay?" If your brave you may want to get into the ANU Bar happy hour & a bit of political heckling. Show them what your made of!	5.00-6.00 Happy Hour at the ANU Bar. Free bar snacks and juke box (Bundy Rum promotion).	5.00 CRITICAL MASS. Join the intrepid 'Enviro Boy' & the ANUSA Environment Department in Union Court and unite with bicycle riders throughout Canberra	
6pm						
7pm						
8pm	8.00 ANU Film Group - Gilliane (Coombs Theatre) UC / ANU City nite bar crawl! con: 8.00-9.00 ANU Uni Bar - Happy Hour 9.00-9.45 Mooseheads 9.45-10.30 Gypsy 10.30-11.15 Pandoras 11.15-12.00 Private Bin 12.00 till late at Heaven	8.00 ANU Film Group - <i>Smillas' Feeling For Snow</i> (Coombs Theatre). 8.30 ANUSA & the National Film & Sound Archive present... movies under the stars Chifley Lawns. Bring your rug & the good old esky, sit back, relax & take in some great Aussie comedy. FREE	8.00 ANU Film Group - <i>The Game</i> (Coombs Theatre) 8.00 ANU Role Playing Society present <i>The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy</i> role playing pub crawl. Meet at ANU Bar, or ask the friendly role playing society kiddies during Market Day.	8.00 Bands at ANU Uni Bar including Mr Blonde (Sydney) Weave (Melbourne) 8.00 Next Gen film evening - <i>The Day After Earth Stood Still</i> , <i>The Blob</i> and <i>Duck Dodgers</i> (Coombs Theatre) BAR SLUG. Does the name sound ominous... check it out... an experience that must be had... prepare yourself!	8.00 ANU Film Group - <i>Absolute Power</i> and <i>Albino Alligator</i> Retro Nightclub from Sydney present RETRO Dance Party. A night of 70s & 80s music. Remember Blondie... B52s... Violent Femmes... David Bowie... I could go on but you get the picture... \$4 for students \$6 for non-students	8.00 ANU Film Group - <i>Gross Pointe Blank</i> and <i>Romy & Michele's High School Reunion</i> 10.00-3.00 ANUSA and Landspeed present... WAX ON, WAX OFF Upstairs ANU Union (Asian Bistro). FRONTSIDE (live), Chris Fresh, John Wicks, Mike & Linus. After party @ Heaven (free).
till late						

Gnome Hunt Clue #1

I wonder if the author had the SAS in mind when writing *Onward Christian Soldiers?* Plenty of beer & t-shirts for prizes.

O-Week at the Uni Bar

Enjoy great specials and some of the best acts in Australia right here on campus, from the 23rd to the 28th of February.

Monday	UC and ANU bar crawl (5pm start, back to ANU at 7.30pm, in to town later)
Wednesday	Free! Amnesty International benefit. Suspect mushrooms, Cuss, Narko Wendy and Icecream Headache.
Thursday	Free! ANU Band night - Mr Blonde and Weave
Friday	Retro disco dance party (\$4 ANU, \$6 concession, \$6 full)
Saturday	Hunters and Collectors with the Fauves in the refectory. (\$26.70 a ticket) With: Landspeed Records and ANU Students' Association dance party.
Happy Hour! Monday 8-9pm; Tuesday-Friday 5-6pm	
Free Jukebox and BAR SNACKS	

Clubs and

The Society for Creative Anachronism: The College of St Aldhelm

Anachronism: n. a custom, event etc. attributed to a period to which it does not belong; a historical blunder; a thing out of harmony with its period.

Interested in re-creating the middle ages? Not as it was, but how you would like it to have been? Love to feast all night by candlelight without giving up modern conveniences (like plumbing). The SCA spends its time in the Current Middle Ages, including feasting, fighting and spectacular frocks, but without the plague, peasants and pestilence. Diverse interests are catered for, and positions of power are on offer to autocratic medieval enthusiasts. See us

at our market day, or come to our first feast of the year, to welcome newcomers on the 7th of March. Call Kate 02 6286 1255 for more info.

The Challenge Club

The ANU Challenge Club is purely social club aimed at encouraging people to have fun, by participating in activities that they would have otherwise never considered. By organising some of the stranger events on campus, we create an environment where everyone becomes equally talentless;

so that the skilled and unskilled, the washed and the unwashed, the drunk and the sober, can enjoy themselves knowing that they are just as confused and inept as everyone else. Have you ever eaten a whole dry Weetbix in under 30 seconds? Have you ever gone bowling while blind-folded? Have you ever raced other uni students on tricycles? Now is the time.

Classical Society

You don't have to be studying classics to be a member of (fittingly) one of the oldest societies on campus. We do all sorts of things throughout the year, ranging from wine-and-cheese evenings to sports matches against the Archaeology Society (the Pith Helmets and Trowels) to authentic Roman feasts. Food features fairly fully in our calendar. Each year we re-enact the Peloponnesian War; in 1996 it was a tug-o-war, last year it was a marathon viewing of the TV series *I, Claudius* (comedy-drama about the lunatics who ruled Rome). For those who would like to read a bit of Latin, the Society will run a reading group this year. You can pick up a full programme from our stall on Market Day or from the Classics Department. Membership is \$3, which will get you an indeterminate number of newsletters, lots of free food and the opportunity to do something vaguely classical when the fancy takes you.

Contact President: Stephen Payne 6254 6847; Vice-President: Claire Bown 6248 6695

Debating Society

What can the debating society offer you? We're a vibrant, enthusiastic bunch of people who enjoy an argument. We keep in touch through a regular newsletter, have competitions nearly weekly throughout semester, and can boast that we are one of the largest and most active societies. Do you have what it takes to be a debater? Although cursory knowledge of current events is good, flagrant assertion and bluff are also staple tactics of debating, albeit with varying degrees of success. Membership is only \$2, and on market day, you'll get soft drink, chips, and join the mailing list to find out about all our exciting events. Or you can join at our 'cake and coffee' evening for members at Waffles, which will be early in the year. Don't miss out on becoming a part of this friendly and stimulating society.

Action in Solidarity with Indonesia and East Timor (ASLET) Club

The Suharto dictatorship in Indonesia, which came to power in 1965-66 through a massacre of over half a million "communists", and invaded East Timor in 1975, killing about one third of the population, is one of the most repressive regimes in Asia. Despite the harassment, gaoling and murder of those who defy the regime, more Indonesians are challenging Suharto's "New Order" than ever. Action in Solidarity with Indonesia and East Timor (ASLET) is the solidarity network in Australia building support for pro-democracy in Indonesia, as well as the national liberation movement in East Timor. ASLET's activities include sponsoring speaking tours by Indonesian activists, raising money for legal defence campaigns, building actions such as rallies and speakouts, and helping to build the Asia Pacific Solidarity conference, from April 10 to 13 in Sydney. Look for the ASLET stall during O-Week.

The Europa Club

The Europa Club exists so that those with an interest in European culture, languages or politics can meet in a social environment. The club is closely linked to the Modern European Languages department, and sees its role as being to create a friendly atmosphere between staff and students of the department. The Europa Club also works closely in conjunction with the French, German and Italian clubs. Throughout the year, we run a series of social and academic events, from the prestigious "Europa Cup" football tournament to lectures and cocktail parties, designed to allow students with an interest in European affairs to socialise with other students and members of staff. Although the club is centred around the Modern European Languages department, we encourage any students with an interest in Europe to join, and meet like minded people in a fun, social atmosphere. Oliver Macgregor, club president contact no. 6282 3549

French Collective Club

Parlez-vous francais? Why not consider joining the French Collective? We are a social club for anyone who is interested in the French language or culture, whether you speak French a little, a lot, or like a native speaker! Our activities include a weekly coffee and conversation hour, fortnightly French films, a regular newsletter, delicious breakfasts and dinners, a fun-filled camp and an annual play, not to mention events in conjunction with the Europa club like European Night, Europa Cup and Eurofest. Becoming an active member of the collective is a great way to improve your spoken French and keep up-to-date with what's happening in French-speaking countries. You'll also have the opportunity to compare notes with students who are planning to travel, study or work overseas and those who have already done so. To join, come and visit us on Market Day or in the Modern European Languages Department any time during the year. A tres bientot!

Der CDA

Der CDA means "Der Club der Deutschsprachigen an der ANU", or the club of German speakers at the ANU. We are not a language club as such, although many of our events will involve something with the German language, after all that is what brings us together in the club. We are more of a social club, which happens to be based around the German language. We try to have fun and learn more German (or keep our German going, as in my case) as a by-product. Events this year will include the fortnightly Stammtisch, where we get together and have a few drinks and speak German in an informal atmosphere of one of the local pubs. We will also have a movie night each month, where we will show German movies (with and without subtitles); other events are Kaffee und Kuchen, as well as our annual German play in the second semester. Look for our stall on Market Day, or contact us in the Modern European Languages Department, where we spend most of our time in the Departmental Centre.

Greens on Campus

Greens on Campus form an active link between uni students and staff and the Greens. We keep in touch with broad green movement news, and encourage activism and input to the legislative assembly and federal parliament.

The Greens platforms are social equality and economic justice, ecological sustainability,

grassroots democracy, peace, disarmament and non-violence. You can have a look at what The Greens are about on the web at <http://www.peg.apc.org/ausgreens>

Greens on campus Co-Convenor, Tiffany Lynch, is one of the two Environment Officers in the Students' Association Environment Department this year. Call in on our Market Day stall, or you can contact Tiffany through the student's association, or Allison on 6257 8786.

Indonesian Society

Anyone can join the Indonesian Society — even if you are not Indonesian or a student of Indonesian. But if you are either of the latter, you certainly should! Our favourite activity is probably sitting around eating Indonesian food and chatting with other Indonesian students or participants. But we also organise cultural events — film nights, visiting academics to bring us up to date on what is happening on the Indonesian political scene, informal coffee and conversation with native speakers, hopefully dance and gamelan also. Gema — the Indosoc newsletter — is sent to all members approximately 4 times a year and includes Indonesian recipes and puzzles, contributions from students who have lived, studied in, or done an exchange to Indonesia, and other articles of interest which we hope will keep you in touch with the lifestyle and events of our nearest Asian neighbour. Joining the Indonesian Society will help you meet people from all sorts of different backgrounds and organisations who are interested in Indonesia. Trevor Kallmier G.C.F. Canberra Ph 02 62822799

Jellybabies

Jellybabies is a social club for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender students and their friends studying at ANU. We provide great events and activities throughout the academic year such as film nights, barbecues, bar crawls, as well as heaps of other exciting events to cater for all club members' varying tastes. 1998 will be a huge year for Jellybabies with a vast number of events already planned for a fun-filled, relaxing and safe time for all members. If you want more information about the club or want to become a member, visit the O-week market day stall where we'll be handing out great showbags as well as other exciting paraphernalia. The first event on the calendar is planned for Sunday 8th March at Tilley's cafe (in Lyneham) where you can enjoy some great coffee and meet other club members. All are welcome as we'll also decide on the committee for 1998. Membership is free for ANU students and \$4 for everybody else.

Korean Society

The role of the Korean Society is to attract and maintain the interest of students in Korea. Whether you are over here from Korea, studying Korean here at ANU, or have a desire to learn more about Korea we wish to provide ways of furthering our understanding of Korean society and culture through social events.

We need you to help us by getting involved, providing great ideas and suggestions of what you want to do. In the past we have had activities such as dance parties, cooking nights, language exchanges and beer and pizza nights. We hope that with your support in 1998 we will be able to make the ANU Korean Society bigger and better than before.

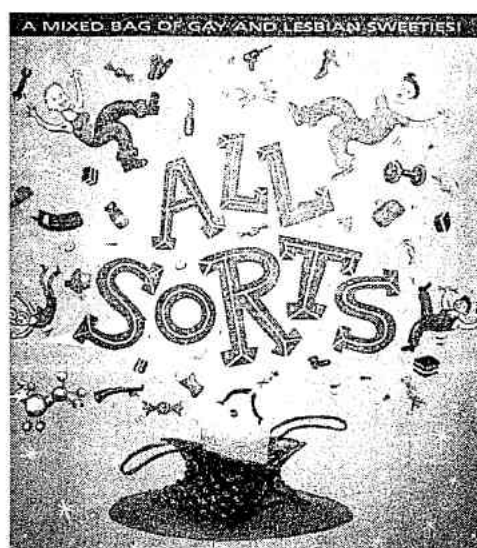
Law Students' Society

The ANU Law Students' Society is without doubt one of the biggest and most successful societies. With a membership last year of well over 600 law students, we provide a huge range of fantastic social events, as well as holding four different competitions and representing the educational concerns of students on various Faculty committees.

Planned social events this year include a first years' BBQ, a first years' camp, a garden party, a bar crawl, the best ball on campus, a High Court cocktail party, a trivia night, and much, much more. We will hold competitions for mootings, witness examination, paper presentation and client interviewing, together with workshops for first-years and novices. And with a new curriculum likely to take effect from the start of next year, we are uniquely placed to take your concerns and comments, and voice them to Faculty. Quite simply, the Law Students' Society is the best value

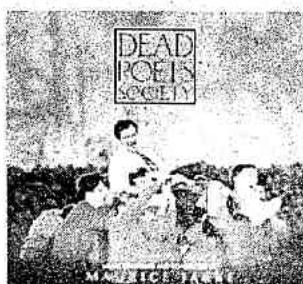


Challenge Club challenge: would you sleep with this man?

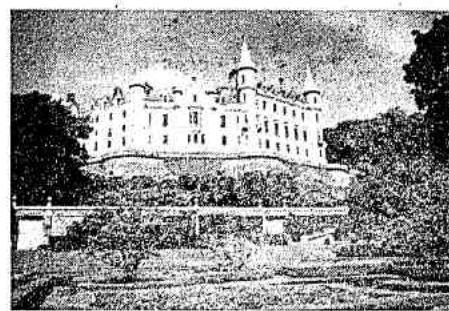


This year Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras will be full of sweetsies

Dead Poet's Society showed us that poetry can be fun



Creative Anachronism: talk about old castles and meet the people who used to inhabit them



and societies

society around. Visit our stall on Market day, pick up a sample bag, buy one of our cool "Blind Justice" t-shirts, and check out our publication, the Alternative Law Handbook, for the low-down about the best and worst of Law School lecturers, courses and texts. See you there!

Assalamualeikum Brothers and Sisters

The ANU Muslim Association (ANUMA) is the campus organisation representing the second largest faith in the world. Over the past three years, ANUMA has organised a number of events and provided many different services. These include public lectures by international personalities such as Sheikh Ahmed Deedat, Dr Tamal Badawi and Dr Nager; a number of halal dinner functions; quiz nights and slide shows including Mosques of the World and Islamic Architecture; Jamat prayer; participation in the ANU's 50th anniversary inter-faith service; stalls at O-week and Bush-week; member of the Muslim Students League of Australia; regular newsletters, web page and more.

The idea behind ANUMA is that it will be a vehicle for strengthening Islam and promoting harmony and understanding. It has become the spokesperson for all Muslim students, whether postgraduate or undergraduate, and staff. At its core, ANUMA is about fostering a sense of spirit, fun and ummah amongst us. Membership is open to all Muslims and any interested non-Muslims. The annual fee is only \$5.00 per person. We look forward to welcoming you to the ANUMA family. Contact e-mail: ANUMA@student.anu.edu.au

Parent-Less

This is a support group for students who have lost either or both of their parents. Parents who may have been 'lost' through death, abuse or abandonment. I would like to establish a group which provides a safe and supportive environment for its members. In thinking of how to implement that, I was reminded of Alcoholics Anonymous. Although I have never personally been present at one of those meetings, my understanding is that a supporting and safe environment is set up, which is similar to what I would like to do. I have hopes of the group being personally responsible for themselves, their grief and offering what they can to one another. I do not want the members to feel as if they have to participate obviously, as long as they benefit from discussions and shared experiences. My aim is that the members, people suffering great losses, do not feel completely alone and isolated in their experiences. I also hope to establish an avenue of positive outcome and productivity which is possible to gain through grief, whilst not forgetting the pain and sadness that exist within us due to these experiences. As far as I am aware, within our community here in Canberra there are too few (if any) existing support groups for children (no matter what age) who have lost a parent. I think that it is essential, especially for students who, as students already having existing pressures and stresses, have a safe and understanding place or environment where they can debrief or just be understood.

If this group is to exist it needs to be stable, ongoing and safe. I believe that there are many silent sufferers out there in our little community who would benefit not only emotionally but academically by having a group such as this.

Next Gen Science Fiction Society

Next Gen stretches from Thunderbirds to Star Wars and from Aliens to Red Dwarf. As well as being a society for the appreciation of Science Fiction in TV and Film, Next Gen is an excuse to get involved with huge activities both on and off campus. Members and non-members are welcome at all social events. These include BBQs, social outings and exclusive movie previews. Our regular social meetings are held in the Manning Clark Centre, ANU on the second Sunday of the month from 12noon to 5pm. Members receive a regular newsletter and are eligible for discounts at local businesses including: Impact Records, Zone 3 Laser Games, Movie Mania, That's Entertainment, Holodeck and Alice's Bookshop. Email to nextgen@bohm.anu.edu.au Web site at http://www.bohm.anu.edu.au/Clubs/Next_Gen/

Psychology Society

The Psychology Society has earned the reputation

as one of the largest and most active clubs on the campus, and caters for students interested in psychology and wanting to know where their course of study can lead, or even those who just want to participate in our many activities and meet other students. Our first event, a free O-Week barbecue to which all are welcome, will be held on Thursday at 7.00pm following the preliminary psychology lecture. Other activities scheduled throughout the year include movie nights, psychology-themed seminars, the infamous all-you-can-eat pizza lunches, the much-anticipated Sydney excursion, and our famous salute to the end of the academic year — the gourmet picnic. Members are kept up-to-date by our quarterly newsletter, 'Psychobabble', and suggestions for the Society are keenly encouraged. So come and visit us at our O-Week Market Day stall, and take advantage of our generosity with a free showbag with membership. We look forward to seeing you!

Resistance Club

Ever wondered why the world is so full of problems? There's environmental devastation, racism and sexism; the rich are getting richer, the poor are getting poorer. In Australia, we have massive cuts and increasing unemployment, education is under attack and we have Johnny Howard as PM. These problems don't exist in isolation - they're all part of one big problem, that the world is run for profits, not for people. As long as capitalism exists, these problems won't go away. We can fight each battle and win in the short term, but a long term solution needs a strategy to develop a more democratic and equal society. Resistance is a socialist youth organisation that campaigns around many issues, but also understands the links between the issues. We're involved in campaigns like those against up-front fees and education cuts, for Native Title, Reclaim the Night and International Women's Day, and for East Timorese freedom. We aim to win these campaigns but also to bring about long-term change - a revolution! Check out Resistance at our O-Week stall or come to our first meeting - "What is Resistance?", Wednesday 25th February, 1pm, in Haydon-Allen Room G052. Join us, fight on issues, dare to be active, dare to believe the world can change!

Sahaja Yoga-Meditation Club

The Sahaja yoga-meditation club provides free meditation classes. Anybody is welcome to show up at any of the weekly programs even if they are not members. In the first and most important class you will be guided through the process of kundalini awakening which is the essence of self-realisation. From that point on your awareness of truth and spirituality can grow and be nurtured. Stress will be relieved allowing you to feel the purest form of joy. Shireen Manocha, phone: 02 6251 2154. We will have a workshop on 26 February in the Sports Union.

'City lights and sketches' Poetry Club

City lights and sketches begins its second year in the tradition of well-regarded past ANU poetry societies. With an aim to generate renewed interest in an ancient artform, the club is for those who appreciate poetic company. Throughout the year, City lights holds fireside readings and fortnightly readings of members' personal poetry and favourite pieces at inspiring nightspots. We also invite guest poets for an evening. The club encourages all literary styles from haiku to contemporary satire, limericks and song lyrics. Internal competitions, with prizes, are regularly held with an aim to publish the best of members' work towards the end of the year. As club members network with other poetry clubs around Australia, and internationally, regular news of all up-coming external literary competitions will be provided.

This year, special attention will be paid to organising a Christmas function including dinner, a public reading and the sale of a compilation of the year's most interesting poetry.

So, if, as Pablo Neruda has it, 'words give glass-quality to glass, blood to blood, and to life itself', you could do verse. Contact natalie.dimitriadis@student.anu.edu.au or see the noticeboard in the Students' Association. New members always welcome.

Get yourself into FOCUS

If you are a Christian, you should definitely check out FOCUS — you'll get to meet lots of other Christians on campus, and you'll make a lot of friends into the bargain. If you're not a Christian but you're interested in checking out Christianity (and university is an ideal time to do that) then come along to one of our meetings. In FOCUS we do heaps of different things, but you'll find that most stuff has something to do with Jesus and the Bible. We believe Christianity is the one thing that makes sense of life and we want to take it seriously. Each week we meet together to hear a challenging talk from a part of the Bible.

These meetings are held over lunch on Thursday (1-2:30pm), with a special meeting for the colleges on Wednesday evenings (5:30-7pm). On Tuesday lunch times this year we are starting special workshops to train Christians in different areas of ministry.

FOCUS has small groups happening in most of the faculties and colleges, and these are excellent ways to make some great friendships. These groups meet weekly to chat, look at the Bible, pray and have fun.

FOCUS has heaps of other stuff happening this year as well. To start with, during O-week we are having a lunch on Market Day (all welcome) and on the Friday night of O-week we're having a big O-week party. At the end of week 2, we'll be having our annual GetAway down the coast for a weekend. This is a great weekend of sun, surf, sand and superb Bible teaching. It's also a top way to get to know lots of other students.

Don't miss out! Now is a great time to get yourself into FOCUS. For more info, call Con on 6247 4040, or Kylee on 6299 2064.

ANU Film Group

Screening over one-hundred films a year for under \$40. Where? In the Coombs Lecture Theatre across from the Menzies Library. But is it the real thing? Damn right it is. We have full size cinema screen and the best dolby digital surround sound system of any cinema in Canberra. When? Most nights of the week. Check out the stall during O-week's market day or come along to a screening and join up. Screenings are at 8pm most nights of the week and at 1.30pm on Sundays. Or check out our poster box outside the Co-op Bookstore.

ANU Australian Rules Football Club

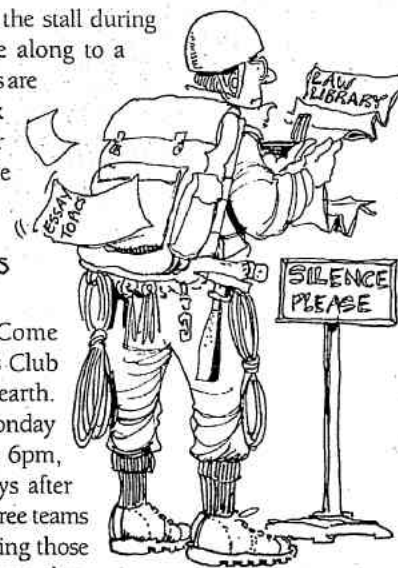
Interested in Aussie Rules? Come along to the ANU Aussie Rules Club and play the greatest game on earth. Training is at South Oval on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 6pm, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays after daylight saving ends. We have three teams so everyone is welcome, including those who've never played before. Come along to our Market Day stall, or just come along to training and say G'day. For info call Doug Williams on 6258 0307 or Chris Pepper on 6299 5054 (h) or 6297 2211 (w).



okely dokely, let's get FOCUSED



The Classics society is still searching for its lost ark

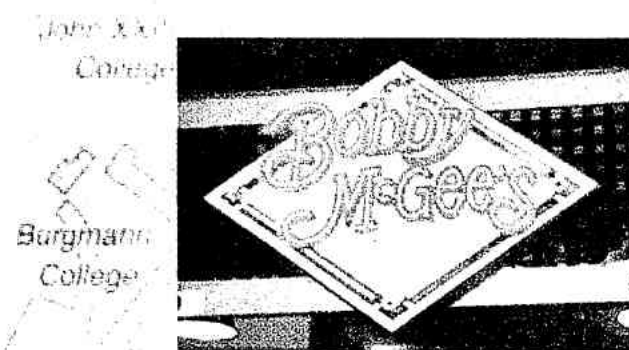


The Law Students' Society will bring direction to your life!!!

Join the Sci-Fi Society and meet beautiful women



Monday



strat
ation
river



Bobby McGees

If you own a lycra crop top and a mini backpack, Bobbies on a Monday is the place for you. Bobby McGees is the place on a Monday for all you Top 40 loving party animals. Bobby McGees have great DJs who get the people on the dance floor, crazy things. Get there early to avoid the queue.

Tuesday

Half price movies

Greater Union is humming with students taking full advantage of half price movie tickets. Greater Union have 3 cinemas and show the very latest film releases. Tuesday is movie night because there is nothing good on telly and popcorn is never fattening on Tuesday.



National
& Sound
Archive

Thursday

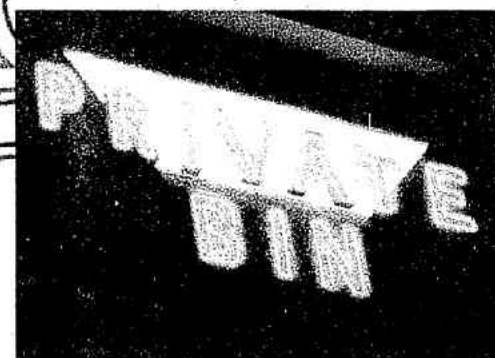
The Private Bin

Canberra's oldest and slaggiest nightclub just keeps bouncing back. Walking into the Bin is one step short of saying "have sex with me".



Pandora's

Pandora's is the preferred venue for a Thursday night because of the legendary Jolly Jugs. Pandies, as it is affectionately known, is a uni student hot spot but ADFA cadet sittings have been reported.

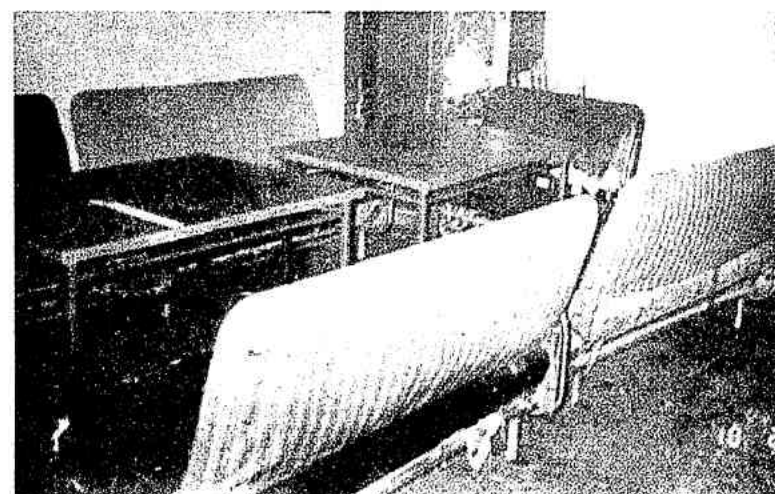
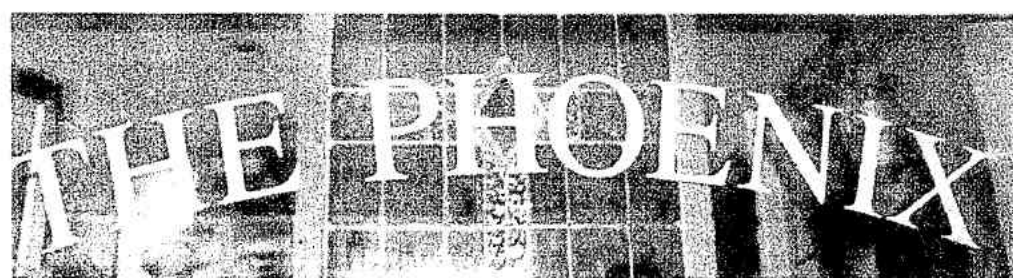


Terminal
& Boat Hire

Friday

The Phoenix

If your into grunge then the Phoenix could be your Nirvana. Second hand couches and rickety chairs, sticky walls and Sociology lecturers. Guinness on tap and a barman who knows how to pour it. Small hint: do not dress to kill, you'll feel like pork at a Jewish wedding.



ACT
HOSPITALS

Wednesday

Wig and Pen

The Wig and Pen delivers "ye olde" English atmosphere in the form of fibreglass faux wood beams, expensively bland home brews and Socialist Workers who really, really fancy themselves.



Canberra

by night Sunday

JP's

There is only one place to consider on a Sunday night and that is JP's nightspot. Tres exclusive and tre cool, if you want to become Big Man on Campus become a regular at JP's.



Saturday



Stage 88
Music Bowl

South Pacific Rugby Club

For a great Saturday night out we suggest you go South. The South Pacific Rugby Club has schooners as cheap as \$1.10 during Happy Hour, and if you request Milli Vanilli, they play it. If you are craving for class after your travels South, head for Quatro across the road. You can dine, dance, and drink or just sit at an outside table and laugh at fashion victims. Mooseheads is always worth a look-see, a lot of people go there at some stage on a Saturday night so your bound to see people you know, not to mention the fact that when the "Eagle Rock" comes on all the ADFA boys drop their pants and do the infamous "Elephant". After enough drinks however you may not only join them but being seeing things in vision as blurry as the person who took the photo of the moose on this page. If you're feeling like that then this could be your body telling you, "Go to Heaven" - Canberra's main alterna hunk/gay boy dance venue which features all the standard alterna music with just enough trash and really dodgy decor to make it worthwhile.



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STUSSY • LEE • BILLABONG • MOOKS

RIVERSIDE PLAZA • BELCONNEN MALL
CANNBERRA CENTRE • WODEN PLAZA
TUGGERANONG HYPERDOME

A Conepackers Guide to Canberra

For the first instalment of *Race Around Canberra*, (Woroni provides the film and processing and you live the story), Art Director Jason Richardson gave us his notion of our nation's capital.

Canberra has a reputation for being dull. It's not a bustling metropolis and the social scene is so small and splintered that you either know everyone or no one. Entertainment relies upon opening your wallet and using funds to lubricate the process. If your idea of social lubrication isn't paying for over-priced drinks and minimal space within a restaurant, bar or club, then the options can look slim, grim and hey, maybe, church bingo. My preferred lubricant is the mighty herb Cannabis, which can be grown at minimal cost but is pretty poor entertainment in itself. Sure, it can make a masterpiece out of a good film, provide an extra 15 minutes of laughter to a joke or heighten the pleasures of eating two-minute noodles — but if the social scenario is sitting in front of the television while a bong does laps of the living room, well no wonder it kills the conversation. What's there to say other than "Uh, your cone, man."

Marijuana alters sensory perception, therefore all you need is something different to stimulate your senses and you're probably buzzing on a whole new trip. To put this hypothesis to the test I led a group of friends out of the living room and into the biggest playground Canberra has to offer: the foreshores of Lake Burley Griffin.

The architects who designed the many attractions littered around the lake provided so many tables, bubblers, toilets, playgrounds, gardens and a bike path that it seems incredible the area hasn't got an entry fee. We started our evening at Commonwealth Park, which is lit by night to appear a surreal landscape and whatever paved path you follow leads to some bizarre piece of sculpture or scenic spot complete with seating. The place is usually empty except during Floriade when it is even stranger and more brightly lit with blooming flowerbeds playing classical music. After ritually constructing our bong from an Orchy bottle we tossed a Frisbee, ate chocolate and wandered around the tranquil water lily covered ponds. Next stop was the Carillon to use the toilets and again admire the architecture. By now the visuals were getting that 2D look like cardboard cut-outs set against a backdrop sky. While the buildings seem some kind of grandiose enlarger for the public service dick of Canberra they nonetheless appear majestic after smoking hydro buds. You can easily imagine a spaceship landing on the roof of the High Court or a nuclear meltdown at the Science and Technology centre.

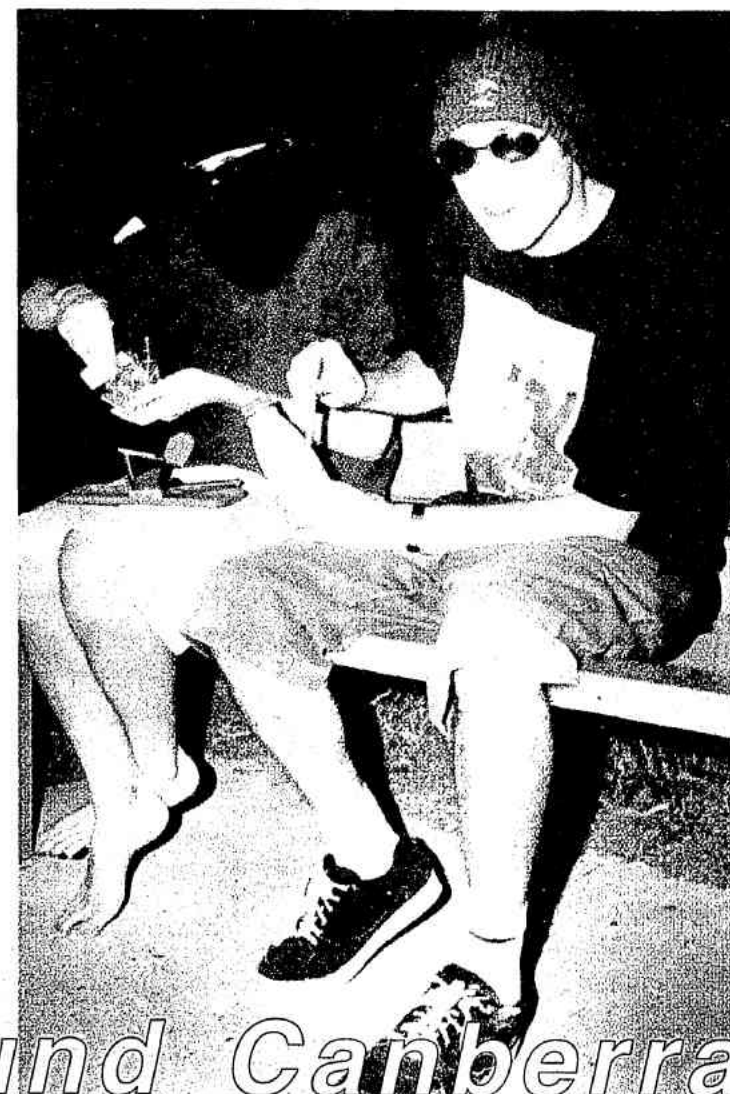
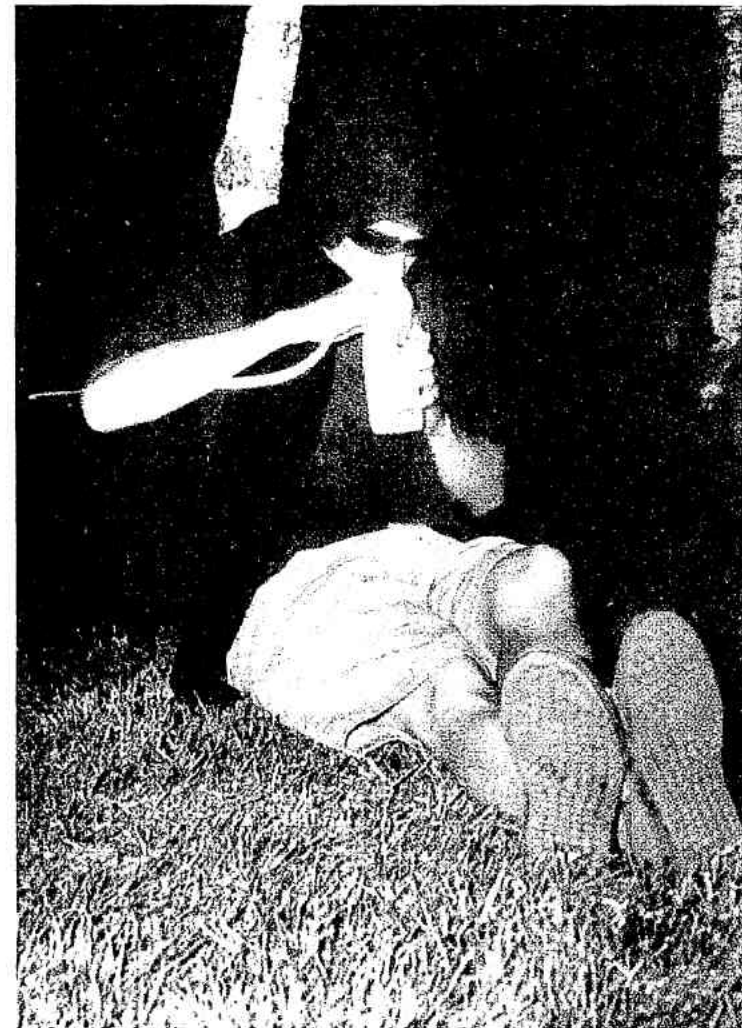
The group was dragging behind and dregging so we each popped Proton Energy Pills (tangy Vitamin C tablets) to clear our neuron transmitters and tingle the taste buds. It stirred us into action. We wanted to skate, kick the hackie sack and further spin out. The best place for this was over Kings Avenue bridge to the National Gallery where they have a smooth, lit, undercover car park (per-

fect for rainy night skating) and a sculpture garden to get lost in. There are some statues which you expect to see move in the corner of your eye and, as one of our posse discovered, with enough drugs adding your common sense you can get to feeling at one with the artworks.

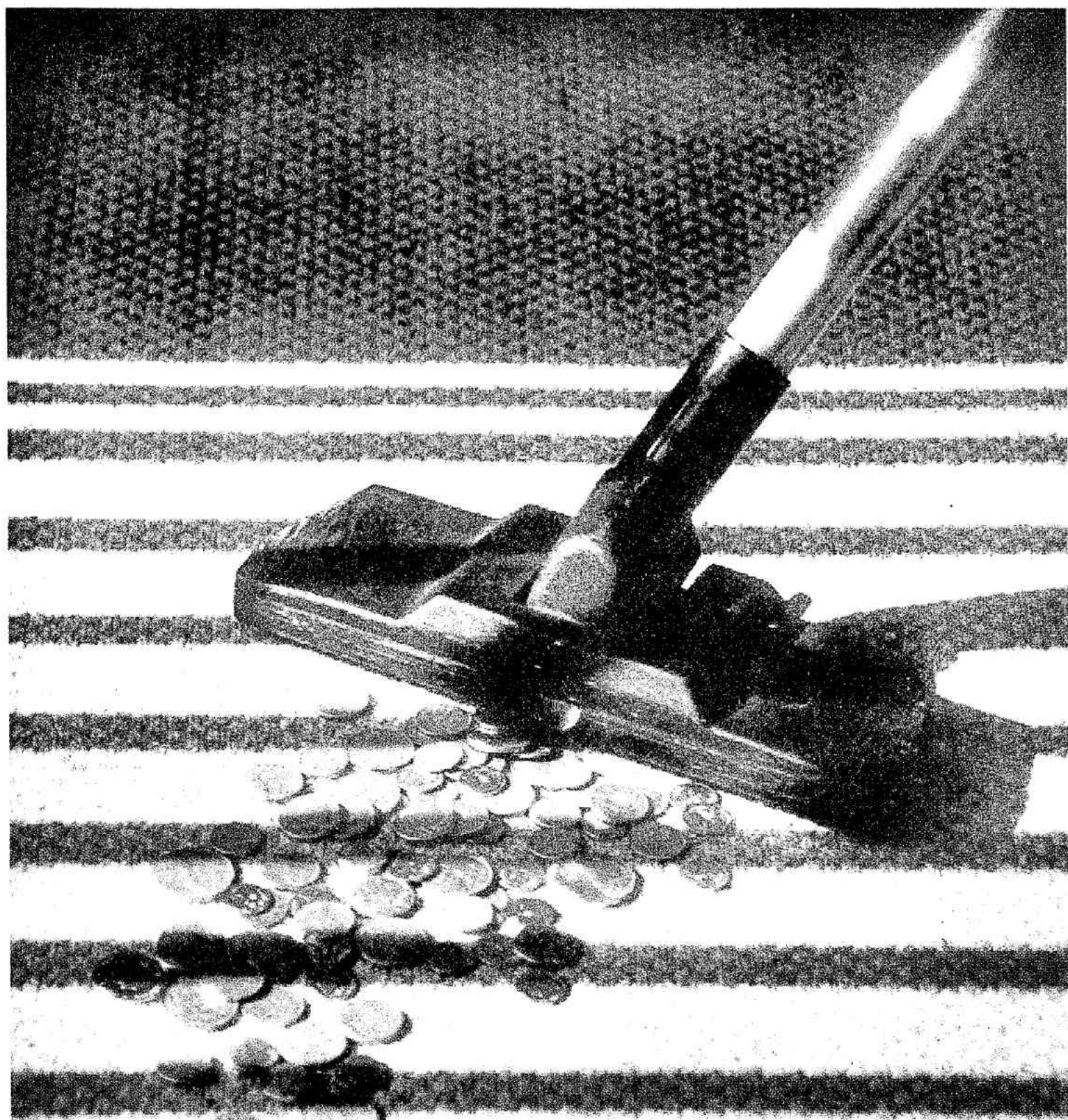
Some time later after coming out the haze, we decided to set ourselves a goal for the night — a mission to make it all worthwhile: a challenge. It was decided that we'd jump the fence and wander the maze at Weston Park. Before this we rolled into one of the many carparks which overlook the lake and inhaled cones in quick succession within the Dutch oven of an unsuspecting parent's car. The maze is a slightly terrifying experience by night as you expect to be pursued by guard dogs roaming like minotaurs or for cops to bust you trespassing. It takes about twenty minutes when you're straight but when pumped with adrenalin and mild hallucinogens

it's much longer.

To wind down the excursion we visited a 24-hour Coles and ascended Red Hill lookout to munch and contemplate our travels. For the following weeks we planned further adventures to Belconnen Skate Park, Lake Tuggeranong and the many nature reserves scattered between the suburbs which, while lacking an array of public facilities, still beat the routine of getting stoned in your living room.



race around Canberra



money for nothing

James Bond does it, so does Kerry Packer, and even the Queen has been known to try. But when students try their hand at it to supplement their Austudy, gambling loses some of its glamour. *Woroni* reporter Tom Robinson spoke to a couple of students who let gambling get out of hand, and went underground into the seedy world of casinos, RSLs and dingy racetracks to find out about gambling and the money drain.

In the novel *The Gambler*, the Russian writer Dostoevsky described the exhilaration and the despair that goes hand in hand with the Roulette wheel. Having just lost the next to last of their money, the narrator decides to bet everything they have left on zero - and, as in every gambler's dream, it comes up. The narrator reveals that in that moment, "My arms and legs were trembling and my head throbbed... I was a gambler myself, I realised it at that instant". In real life, Dostoevsky was a little too familiar with the workings of the European casinos; he took his family into utter destitution by gambling away almost all of the royalties that his novels had earned and forcing his wife to pawn everything she owned, only to lose it all again on the Roulette wheel.



These are the sort of adventures that start with enthusiastically reckless comments like "Ah, screw it, those text-books will still be there next Austudy pay-day..." and end with glazed stares in the back of the taxi while you search through your wallet for that emergency fifty-dollar bill that you're sure you had at the start of the night...

But that's Russians for you - riever doing anything by halves. Nevertheless, almost all of us have gambled at one time or another. It might have been a two dollar stake in a local Melbourne Cup sweep, when you managed to pick out the horse who started off well but whose immediate future by the end of the race could only be described as dog food. Or perhaps you decided to celebrate a miraculous essay mark by buying a Scratchie, excitedly realizing that you only needed to reveal one more '\$250 000' before you could tell your lecturer to fuck off and spend your exam period at Barbados (and, say, maybe pay off a good half of your HECS debt) - only to discover, after you've feverishly scratched all the silver crap off that last covered corner, that - surprise, surprise! - a lonely little \$5 has turned up, smugly mocking you and your get-rich-quick expectations. Or perhaps a heavy night's drinking hadn't quite been heavy enough, and after discovering that the bars and bottle shops had all closed you and your friends confirmed the hopeful suspicions of advertising executives everywhere by kicking on, kicking on at Casino Canberra. (These are the sort of adventures that start with enthusiastically reckless comments like "Ah, screw it, those text-books will still be there next Austudy pay-day..." and end with glazed stares in the back of the taxi while you search through your wallet for that emergency fifty-

dollar bill that you're sure you had at the start of the night...).

I spoke to a number of students about gambling and asked about their experiences. Almost everybody had played a Scratchie, but the biggest win that anyone had personally experienced was the measly sum of ten dollars, and most people were fairly contemptuous about the chances of ever winning anything considerable. (One girl expressed the opinion that it was a giant conspiracy used to fund illegal government experiments on aliens. Serves me right for asking questions at the Bar.) Most admitted to betting on the Melbourne Cup, and occasionally having used poker machines at a Club. Other than the Melbourne Cup, only one student said that he had bet on other horse races. While most people I asked had been into a Casino at one point or another, only half had ever placed bets at one, and of those, only three students considered themselves to be 'regular' Casino gamblers, going more than once every three months. Only one person I spoke to, Steve, said that he went more than once a month. The general consensus was that while gambling could be fun, it was an expensive hobby; the three regular Casino gamblers considered it to be a valid and pleasurable form of entertainment nonetheless. About three quarters knew or had heard a rumour of someone with a gambling problem - mostly people with poker machines - and one student admitted to having had one personally, although he was now over it.

Steve, 22, has recently finished his Arts Degree and has been going to the Casino for about five years. He talked to me about his experiences.

How often do you go to the Casino?
 "I started in 1993, and for the next three years I went about once every six weeks - maybe once every two months. About six or seven times a year. In the last two years I've been going much more often, and

dollars a year. I was on partial Austudy then, so I couldn't afford much. Once I got to third year, though, I started earning more money, and I could afford to gamble more.

What's the longest period you've ever gambled for?

Right after I finished my final-year exams I went and played cards at the Casino for... 14 hours. About 600 hands, I think.

Jesus!

(Laughs) Yeah. Actually, it is a bit excessive, now I come to think of it. I'm glad I've stopped for a while.

Have you ever been worried that you could be a compulsive gambler?

Um... yeah. Yeah, definitely. You tend to get those thoughts, especially after you've lost a large amount - say, five hundred dollars or more. But I've thought about it, and decided in the end that I didn't have a problem, because I've never used money allocated to another purpose. I think it becomes a problem when it hijacks your priorities, you know? Money that should've gone on rent goes into the poker machines and stuff like that. But I can certainly see how some people lose control, and I have had signs that worried me. I've caught myself a couple of times thinking the classic compulsive gambling thought, when I'm losing, which is 'If I just play another 50 or 100 dollars, it'll turn around...' That's when you know you've got to give it a break.

Do you think it affected your studies?

No, not really. For me it is a distraction, you know, like drinking or sport or going to a movie. As far as procrastination goes, the times I was gambling weren't going to be being spent more productively elsewhere.

What do you find triggers off your desire to gamble?

I think the main one would be boredom. Like I said, I've gambled the most I ever have in the last six weeks, just because I haven't had that much else to do! At the moment I don't have a girlfriend, and most of my friends are out of town, so I guess I just have a lot of time on my hands. Which isn't a particularly good thing.

Overall, how much would you say you've won or lost over the years?

Overall... I'd say I'm down by four, maybe five hundred.

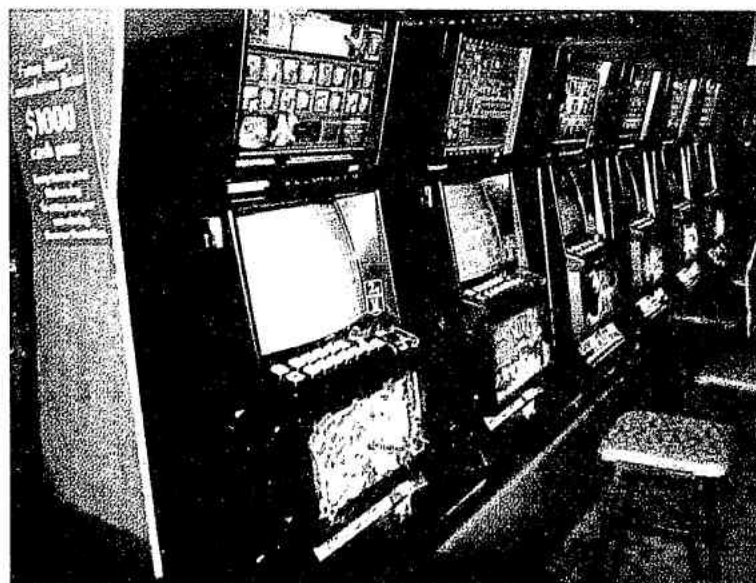
You've quit for a while, you said. Do you regret that you started gambling?

I regret that the scale on which I was gambling escalated. Not so much the gambling itself - I've had an enormous amount of fun with it - but the fact that I put myself in a position where a bad night no longer meant losing forty dollars, but losing five hundred and forty. Although I'm sure I will gamble in the future, I never want to be gambling with that much again.

Steve is a responsible gambler - and, some might say, a lucky one - since he has maintained a consistent habit without going over the deep end. But there are others for whom gambling becomes much more than that. Several people I spoke to knew of friends who had had gambling problems;

a surprising number of stories concerned students at college - mostly first-years - who played the poker machines. One student reportedly lost as much as twelve thousand dollars in a year on the Pokies before deciding to quit; I also heard tales of people requiring counselling and getting seriously into debt.

The Canberra Workers Club is the gambling venue closest to the ANU; it has 58 poker machines upon which you can gamble



between a dollar and five cents. A worker at the Club told me that he had never seen anyone with what he would consider a gambling problem in the Club, and that the Club's takings actually decreased when popular student functions were held there. He admitted that 'any club' more or less ran on the takings of its poker machines, although he didn't feel that they were the main attraction. David, 24, is an ANU student who will be doing the final

gambling more. I've actually just stopped for a while now - since exams, I worked out I've been fifteen times in four days! But I'm sick of it now: there's much better things I should be doing with my money.
 How much money do you gamble?
 For the first three years it was always small amounts - say, twenty or thirty dollars. So all up it couldn't have been much more than two hundred

year of his Science degree this year. He doesn't gamble anymore, he says, but did experiment at the Canberra Casino in first year, ending up in debt to his family. He can laugh about it now, he says, but only because he got out in time. He told me how he started, and why he felt he had to stop. *How did you start?*

I went with a friend who gambled a bit. We'd been out and there was nothing else really open. Plus, of course, there was the curiosity value. *Did you win the first time?*

Nope, lost. But the next time I went I won. I was with a different couple of friends then, and we started going quite regularly. At first it was just during the evening, and then we started going during the day. The day-time was less crowded, and more relaxed.

Was this in first year?

Yeah, we were all in first year. I was eighteen, and so were the others, I think. It was a lot of fun at first, especially going as a team, although I started going by myself towards the end. Plus, although this sounds incredibly stupid now, it was kind of grown-up. This was back when you still had to get dressed up for the Casino.

How much did you win or lose at one time?

Once — this was just two of us — we turned up at 9am, and by nine-thirty we'd won just under nine hundred dollars. We decided to quit when we got to a thousand, and we were there all day. By 6pm, we'd lost it all. In fact, we were down a couple of hundred.

That must have been pretty painful.

Yeah. It's funny, I haven't thought about this for ages, but the feeling of absolute fucking pointless waste is just phenomenal. There's just this kind of suppressed self-loathing. But at the same time, the feeling of winning is just this ludicrous, stupid natural high.

Is that the addictive side of it?

Yeah. Gambling is definitely psychologically addictive. There's a whole mental trap in the odds thing. When you are down, there is always the chance that with one spin, the whole situation could be better. I think that those people who are fully addicted, the ones that are never going to stop, are those ones who have been down to their last cent and still come back. Once you realise that the chance is there, you're hooked. And another thing is that no one ever stops gambling while they're up. You'll always go back. I mean, why wouldn't you?

How far into debt did you get?

I owed my sister two hundred and I owed my parents about another four hundred. I'd borrowed here and there off friends — not with the fixed idea of gambling it, but just because I needed money for other stuff. All up, I owed maybe eight hundred dollars. The guys I was going with were kind of blasé about money, anyway — they were the guys I borrowed off — which actually made it worse. No one was nasty about it, which meant that I didn't have to confront the problem. We were all still living at home and it didn't seem to mean that much.

Why did you stop?

It gets pretty seedy when you look around and start recognising other regulars. That's when you start thinking, 'Hold on a minute...' But the final straw... the final time I went was with the money my sister had lent me, and I lost it. The next day I woke up, and worked out how much I owed, and realised that I'd never even seen eight hundred dollars. It wasn't like, 'oh I've got a gambling problem', but for some reason the humiliating implications of owing this much money hit me. I'd never been in debt that much before; it had always turned around. I'm kind of lucky, because I think that if I'd gone just one more time, and won... Looking back, do you think you had a problem?

I'd definitely say that I let it go too far. (Pause) Actually, yeah, I don't know what I was thinking. I must have been pretty into it. Looking back, I can't believe I let it get that bad.

I spoke to Geoff Mortimer from the ANU Counselling Services about addictions. He told me that admitting that they have a problem may be the hardest part of recovery for addicts. David was able to recognise the problem early enough, but for many gamblers the consequences could be much more serious: gambling can affect your personal life, finances, work, and health. A spokesperson from Lifeline who specialised in gambling addictions told me that many compulsive gamblers begin by using gambling as a diversion to combat boredom, loneliness, stress, anxiety and depression. (In other words, watch out around exam time.) There is also sometimes complicated identity issues at work. Gambling and casinos give out an image of sophistication and glamour, which patrons see themselves as possessing when they gamble; hence, miserable student with a late essay becomes devil-may-care decadent staking it all on 36-red.

Similarly, anyone who has played poker machines for longer than ten minutes will be aware of the hypnotic 'blocking-out' effect that they have: the way that the sheer mindlessness of the entire exercise becomes strangely compelling. Poker machines are also the most impersonal way to gamble — one need not have any other human contact except for the change lady. Perhaps because of this, poker machines (or 'Electronic Gaming Machines', as the industry likes to call them) are linked to over 80% of gambling addictions in Canberra.

For many people, gambling is a fairly harmless entertainment — whether it is the pokies or the horses or cards or roulette or two-up or betting some dodgy old machete-wielding bastard that you can ignite your lighter ten times in a row without losing your little finger. Like anything, you can do it sensibly and responsibly, or you can lose your grip. But it is good to remember that while 94% return — or 98% on the Pokies — seems like good odds, a slow loss is, as David told me, still a loss. The house always comes out on top, which leaves only one candidate to be the loser. Like that mangy slurring cat says on the ad, hey — it might as well be you.



What the casino says

Are many of your clientele young people?

Couldn't say.

Could you say whether any of the games are more popular with young people?

No, there is no real difference.

What sort of image do you think Casino Canberra gives out?

Sophisticated gaming entertainment.

Are many of your croupiers students?

Yes, quite a number are.

What sort of training are they put through?

They are given fairly rigorous training, dealing with money handling and ethics and so forth.

Obviously the Casino's reputation is not helped by links to compulsive gambling. What stand does the casino take on the issue, and how does it try and prevent it occurring?

We don't have a problem with compulsive gambling. You can check that out with Lifeline. Actually I have, their statistics said that the Casino only contributes to about 8% of all gambling problems in Canberra, as opposed to 84% with Poker Machines. But when I was in your foyer, I noticed that you've got a petition open to try and get poker machines in...

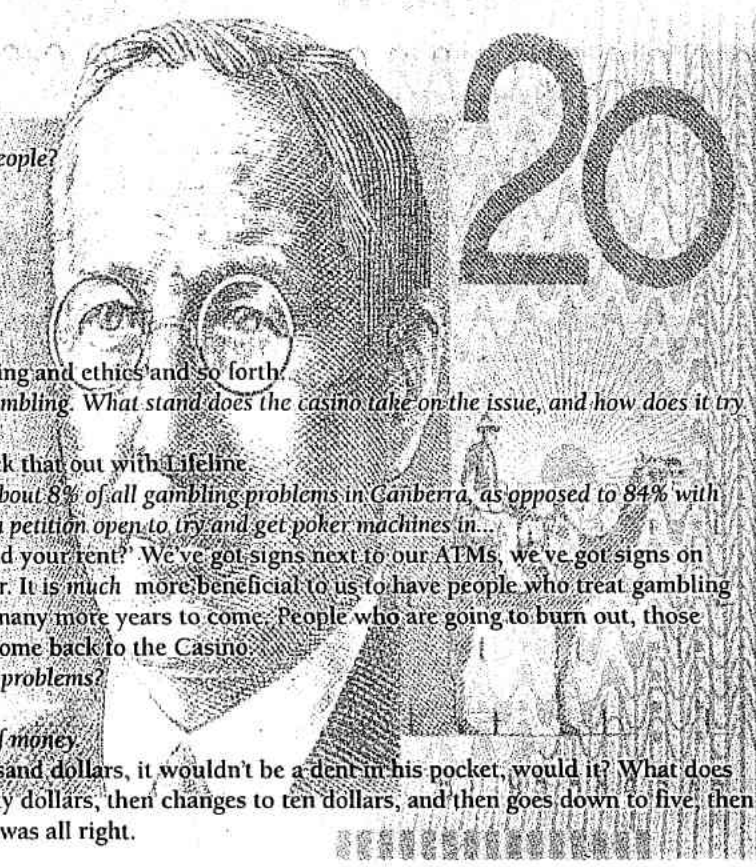
Yes, but we've also got a big sign in the foyer saying 'Have you paid your rent?' We've got signs next to our ATMs, we've got signs on toilet doors. We've got brochures on responsible gambling in the foyer. It is much more beneficial to us to have people who treat gambling responsibly, as a form of entertainment, and who will be patrons for many more years to come. People who are going to burn out, those people who it becomes a problem for, they aren't going to be able to come back to the Casino.

Is there any procedure used for people who are coming in with gambling problems?

How would you identify that?

Well, I guess... people who were coming in consistently and losing a lot of money.

Well, if Kerry Packer came in and kept on losing a couple of thousand dollars, it wouldn't be a dent in his pocket, would it? What does happen is that if someone comes in and regularly places bets of twenty dollars, then changes to ten dollars, and then goes down to five, then we might very discreetly, take them aside and make sure everything was all right.



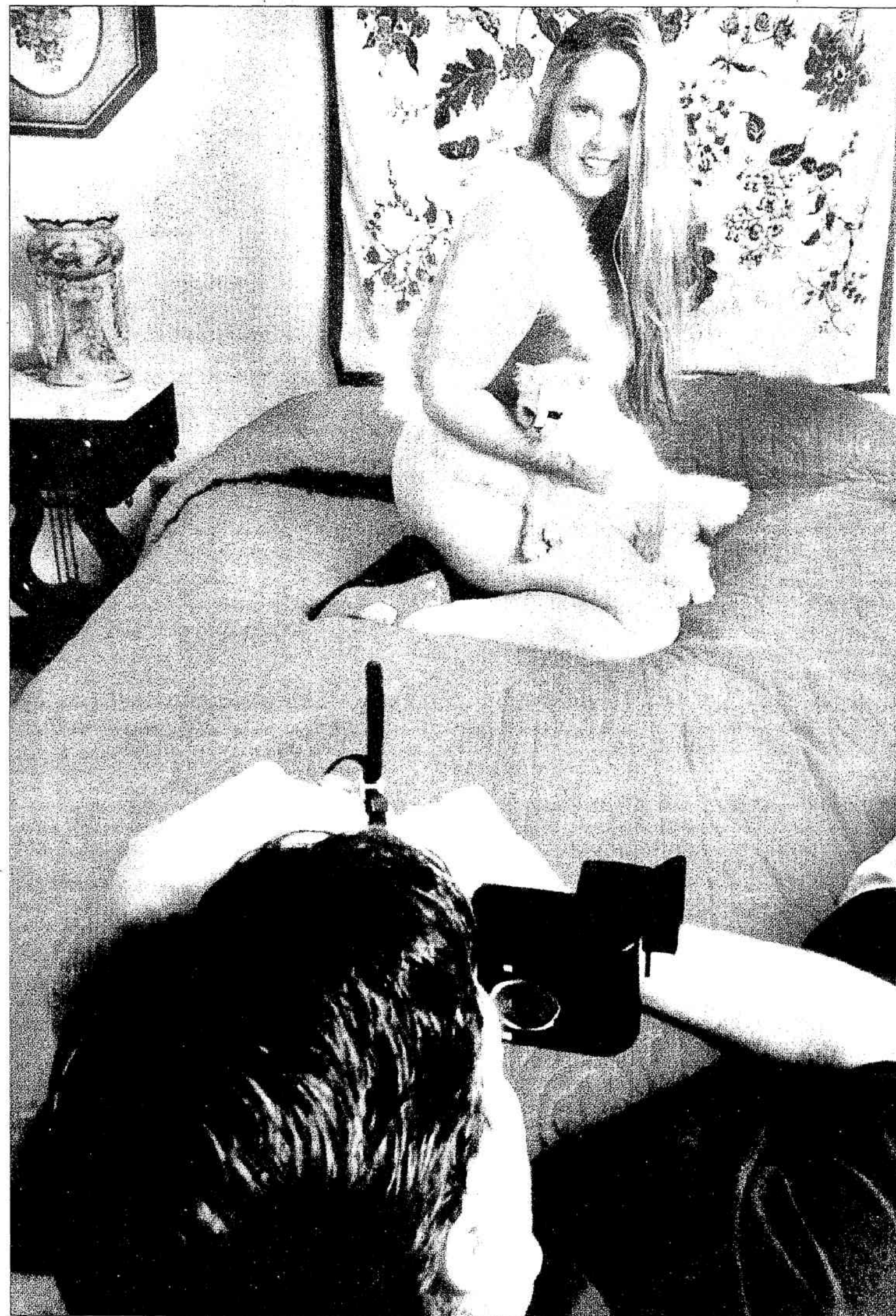
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"People are sick to death of seeing these silicone-enhanced, pouty lipped blondes getting screwed by a guy with a 10 inch penis for 2 hours"

—Risque Renee

Porn Again

**a feminist critique of pornography
and the potential of the Internet**



Pornography used to be something you found in magazines, in photographs, and in dingy places in Fyshwick. But with the advent of cyberspace and the movement of the internet into the family home, anyone can be a porn star, and ever-increasing numbers of exhibitionists are going on line to bare all. *Woroni* reporter Jason Richardson took a scholarly look at some amateur porn, and talked to some of the exhibitionists who take it all off for about a million netsurfers and a lot of ready cash.

Variety is the spice of life, and the Internet literally has it all. If you've ever wondered about female ejaculation, fisting, bondage, anal sex, sado-masochism, golden showers or penile enlargement, then the Web can probably satisfy your curiosity. Accurate statistics are impossible to ascertain, but an estimate from the webmaster of Teen and Amateur Kingdom (<http://www.atkingdom.com>) suggested the existence of over 20,000 sites associated with porn. Word searches using Infoseek ranged from 50,117 for porn to 438,842 for sex, although some sites were listed more than once and of course not all relate to pornography (including one humorous example which billed "wet pussy" and offered a drenched feline). This vast amount of porn available on the net is hardly surprising. As an unregulated sounding-board for the online community, the World Wide Web offers cheap distribution of almost any type of information, and, similarly to photography, unlimited reproduction. Over a century and a half after the spread of photography, this new technology abets our undiminished obsession with porn. But some things have changed in a century and a half. With universal access to the internet, pornography is becoming as much about exhibitionism as it is about sex. The definition of porn as objectification and woman as object is changing as female exhibitionists perform as both subject and object within their own sites. The internet is changing the essence and the definition of pornography.

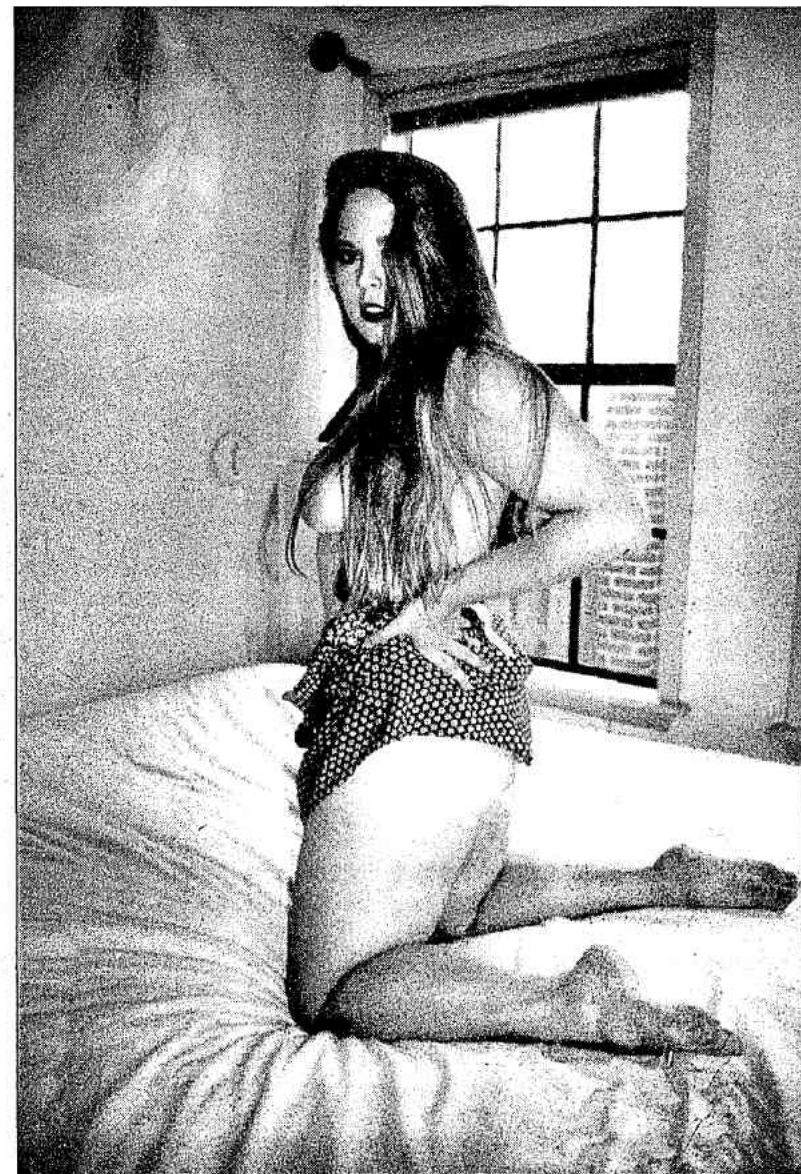
Pornography on the Internet assumes many forms through literally tens of thousands of sites which detail every possible fetish, from prosthetic limbs, lactation and elderly swingers, to photos of celebrities that would otherwise lead to prosecution (including that infamous home video of

Tommy and Pamela Lee). Of these the majority are 'anonymous' sites in that the webmaster is not presented within the images, as opposed to exhibitionist homepages which centre around the author. Webmasters from the two different types of site offer very different reasons for their creation and maintenance of a pornographic website.

Most of the anonymous websites offer a more traditional taste of pornography, in that the images are objectifying and the women portrayed

Exhibitionists are both object and subject in choosing to present themselves to the viewer through their homepage. This distinction between subject and object is at the core of feminist theory and amateur pornography on the internet is blurring the boundary.

have no voice and no control over the way in which their bodies are photographed and manipulated. Other feminist criticisms can be warranted: women are presented as 'decapitated' through cropping, and are thus portrayed solely for their genitalia. As an object, they are easily identified in that they often acknowledge the camera and spread their legs for the viewer's gaze. Interestingly, the same criticisms are true for Gay porn where the men offer their rumps. But the strongest complaint to make against these 'anonymous' sites concerns the lack of narrative linking their images. The material is taken out of context to the point of being random, and images within sites are linked only by their sexually explicit nature. This randomness stems from the fact that porn on the net is organised into categories of fetishism. Sites will specialise in particular images, such as "Asian Babes", "Horny Housewives" or "Knocked Up Black Mamas", and larger sites even offer a fetish-based search engine to make selection from their databases. The absence of narrative leaves it up to



the viewer to use their imagination to create a context, unlike the 'encounter narrative' often used in magazines and videos. This could be a potential worry in that a viewer may be indulging their selective tastes (eg: her size 8 foot) without any notion of the norm (ie: the female population). Personally, these sites make me grateful that I can have sex with a woman and not a characteristic.

Kai Johansen's 'anonymous' site (<http://home.sn.no/~kaijohan>) offers nearly 200 'softcore' pictures of naked women. The images are fairly tame and could be compared to those found in Playboy or Penthouse. Johansen describes himself as a married, 26 year old Norwegian who works with the Internet and explains the site's existence "as a test to see how many hits [for visitors] you can get when you have pornography on your site. I put up about 20-30 pics to start with and had a notice that my site was only a test so it would be down in a couple of weeks. The response was huge, people wrote to me and said that I couldn't take it down. So just for fun I started to put up more pics and decided to leave my site up and running. I am doing this just for fun and my site is totally free and I don't make any money on it. My material is sent in by the people who visit my site". This approach to material seems common on the Internet, where copyright and even acknowledgment of the photographer is virtually nonexistent. Mister Grimm runs the site "Who's your Daddy?" (<http://www.whosyourdaddy.com>) which offers explicit pictures of naked women, similar to Hustler or Black Label Penthouse. Grimm is an American college student majoring in computer science, from a "slightly conservative middle class family". He started the site a year ago "Because there is a vast untapped market out there. I saw all of these porn sites on the web and I was wondering what the attraction was, beside the obvious, that would make webmasters devote this sort of time to a site. So I started mailing webmasters, asking questions and I found out the perk money".

The Webmaster of Teen and AmateurKingdom has a BA and MBA in Marketing and is also an advanced doctoral student in Marketing. He also claims to have "ten years full-time work experience in Marketing Planning and Research". The site offers images ranging from amateur photographs to professionally photographed, sexually explicit material (or 'hardcore'). He says, "I started my site to test theories in information processing and the manner in which consumers integrate information over time. It provides an excellent test bed for my theories in the area of the impact or the order of presentation on satisfaction and subsequent choice behaviour. The adult sites represent a real-world field testing of the theories. As an academic, I am interested in developing theories that are initially not obvious and I have tested in other settings. There are a number of academic journal articles which posited theories and suggested a nomenclature network that was counter to my mode of thinking. So I set out to prove that my approach warranted further consideration". The site uses images "from many different sources, including photographers, image houses, and CD ROMs. The Galleria represents an investment

of over \$110,000 in images — more than any other site on the net except Playboy, Penthouse, Barely Legal, and other international organisations. The server bills are over \$30,000 per month. My site puts out 300 GB of data transfer every 24 hours, which is equal to the information on 450 CDs or over 3 Billion English characters".

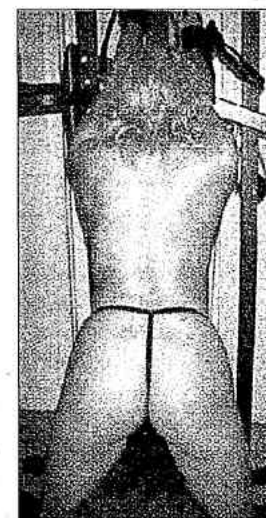
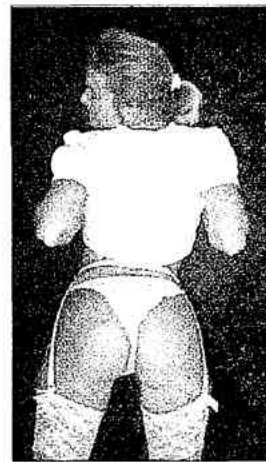
The vast number of anonymous porn sites are not, then, changing the nature of porn, nor the

Exhibitionist homepages show more realistic depictions, not only of human sexuality, but of women in general — something that both conventional pornography and women's magazines tend to lack.

motivation for it. Whether distribution is through print or via the internet, sex still sells, and porn is still more about money and the imposition of male power than it is about sex. But the sites of exhibitionists Shelley and Renee are very different. Exhibitionist homepages show more realistic depictions, not only of human sexuality, but of women in general — something that both conventional pornography and women's magazines tend to lack. Exhibitionist homepages take advantage of the fact that the internet has made the creation and distribution of amateur pornography possible and profitable in a way never before contemplated. The internet provides the potential for a global audience, interaction via e-mail, and profit through mail order — as a "dream business" Renee's site looks to earn between US\$50,000 - \$100,000 in the first year alone through mail orders (including videos and used panties) and membership to 'Club Renee'.

The personal homepages of both Shelley and Renee came about in a similar manner to that of Linda Lovelace's debut in *Deep Throat*: their boyfriends encouraged and orchestrated their first pornographic appearances, but since then they have taken control of their representation and turned it into a business. Though a boyfriend seems to frequently take the picture, the webmaster (and model) chooses to use it, creates the scenario and ultimately, maintains control over the website. The pictures are linked by a narrative in that the same character (the webmaster) is present throughout. Contrary to commercial pornography this introduces subjectivity and offers the object control over their image, possibly excluding any argument of exploitation. The images, which range from nudity to sexual intercourse, are of the author. Shelley's homepage (<http://www2.cy-net.net/~digjtrix>) centres on nude pictures of herself (or 'softcore'), while Renee's (<http://www.risque-renee.com>) provides sexually explicit material with a variety of partners and 'marital aids' (or 'hardcore').

The poses and content of both these exhibitionist sites mirror those of the 'anonymous' websites, but the motivation behind the sites makes it debatable whether this kind of exhibitionism can be defined as pornography. Since these terms relate mostly to quality and motivation rather than content, it seems a matter of personal preference — as Shelley explains, "porn is defined subjectively in our society". Renee thinks of her site as offering amateur exhibitionism rather than pornography, the latter a term which "should refer to some means of stimulant to produce sexual arousal. Instead it portrays a man locked in the bathroom jerking off to Playboy! I feel that what I am sharing via my site is my sexuality/ sensuality and personality. It's not really about sex!" Instead she qualifies her site as offering "minor satisfaction" for people's "yearnings" for "sex, sexual situations, teasings, etc". Renee further argued her view as follows: "Would I change my definition from 'exhibitionist' to 'pornographer' if I were having [online] sex with my boyfriend? No, of course not. I think that we are both exhibitionists. Humans



are designed to fornicate, it's just a matter of whether the door is closed or open while you're doing it". This echoes an argument that early photographic pornography served to liberate attitudes towards sex by shattering the elitism of its previous Victorian formats as fancy, foreign erotic art. In a similar way, the growing movement of amateur pornography, visible not only on the WWW but also in magazines and videos, aims to reaffirm real sexual representations as opposed to the fan-

Renee describes the pleasure in appearing to viewers at her homepage as "like watching a thousand guys walk by and look at you, only you have this invisible wall that lets you be in control". In essence she is manipulating the 'male' gaze, offering herself as she chooses and being photographed in relation to her "comfort level and the law".

tastic and stylised portrayals which have been popular for previous decades. Renee maintains that "Amateur porn offers an honest representation of sexuality because we are the girls next door! Commercially produced porn movies are fictitious in nature. Amateur stuff is usually scenarios that have been played out in our own bedrooms with the camera set up on the tripod. It happens everyday. People are sick to death of seeing these silicone-enhanced, pouty lipped blondes getting screwed by a guy with a 10 inch penis for 2 hours. That doesn't happen in real life!" Renee explains that the response to her site has been "sincere and encouraging" but dismisses any idea of it being a source of confidence or morale: "The person writing me e-mail or buying something from me could well be the ugliest person on the face of the earth. What confidence do I gain from knowing or not knowing that?" In contrast, Shelley describes it as "Wild that so many guys around the world are hot for me, even though I'm nothing special — It makes me feel powerful". Renee describes the pleasure in appearing to viewers at her homepage as "like watching a thousand guys walk by and look at you, only you have this invisible wall that lets you be in control". In essence she is manipulating the 'male' gaze, offering herself as she chooses and being photographed in relation to her "comfort level and the law". Exhibitionists are both object and subject in choosing to present themselves to the viewer through their homepage. This distinction between subject and object is at the core of feminist theory and pornography on the internet is blurring the boundary.

The Internet is redefining pornography. While 'anonymous' websites continue to produce and display conventional objectifying porn, exhibitionist sites are taking advantage of opportunities for communication and distribution by individuals out for a profit, and are producing porn with a difference, a porn where the picture is manipulated by the object of that picture. These new sites introduce greater subjectivity into pornography, and moreover are changing the nature of porn from stylised acontextual depictions female bodies, to more realistic depictions of sexuality and the female body within a narrative context. Exhibitionist homepages are empowering webmasters and presenting financially rewarding business opportunities. The changing face of pornography is an example in progress of the way in which the internet is changing our society. Cyberspace brings with it an entirely new organisation of society, based upon common interest rather than familiarity or location, that may redefine many aspects of humanity outside of cyberspace. I like to think that it's a hole out of the wet paper bag of Postmodernism. If you doubt this, think of the place of photography within Western society and consider the Internet as a similar technology with over one hundred and fifty years of development to cover. Roll out the optic fibre and bring on the millennium!

A response from the Women's Department

I had to read this article several times before responding. There's something about this article that bothers me. Actually, it's a combination of things and I'm not really sure where to start. Leaving aside the dubious acclamations of and claims about the success of the net there are still many nagging worries.

I guess one of the largest of these nagging worries is that this supposed feminist critique of porn and the potential of the net seems to be full of what men want in porno/sexuality/accessibility. I know we were told the article was largely heterosexual in bias, but the author could have kept going out that limb and mentioned that it was porno marketed for boys that was being compared.

I would never deny that men can be feminists (because everything is relative) but there is a big difference between the intellectual understanding and acceptance of the philosophical and political basis of feminism and real life experiences in a cultural framework that systemically disadvantages women. But I really do think a feminist critique of porn would be better off considering what women want from porn and the net. If the writer was attempting to provide a critique of what men who are feminists can expect from porn and the net (a plausible goal), it failed.

Although initially the writer accepts that commercial porn is full of "unrealistic repre-

I really do think a feminist critique of porn would be better off considering what women want from porn and the net.

sentations" (of what? women, sexuality, grapes?), the article has the taste of porno for boys by boys that any woman who likes pornography will already be familiar with (and trying to cover with seasoning). It never once challenges the idea that one of the many unrealistic representations may be the focus on heterosexual sex and the symbols that are supposed to ignite men's desires, that female sexuality is not men's sexuality (or human sexuality as the penultimate paragraph's final sentence seems to imply). There is no recognition that more realistic representations may include images/fantasies of female sexuality, a storyline to add some context and intimacy to the images, more active participation by women, from those who act and the images they portray through to more women in control of editing, managing, distribution. I really could go on...

Another worry is that I believe the author failed to prove the 'net is "offering the 'object of desire' greater control over their image". The author's own evidence condemns them. If the 'boyfriend' takes the picture, the webmaster (more often than not male) chooses the picture, the scenario and controls the web site, then what's changed? That the woman is now involved in producing individualised porno for men?

A few other nagging worries include the language used (*lady?* Gimme a break, most people know feminists use the word 'women' in critiques; *boyfriend?* Hmmm. Partner may be more inclusive). Also the author seems to have a narrow tolerance range to sexual activity. Golden showers and S&M as some of the more common fetishes getting round the bedrooms and boardrooms of Australia. A greater acceptance of the broad range of sexual activities may have helped make this article more convincing.

But as a word limit precludes a more in-depth reply, I'll wait till the women only movie afternoon tea in the Tank on Thursday 26.2.98 from 3pm. Melissa Whiting, an independent film maker, will show some of her work and lead a discussion about what women want from pornography.

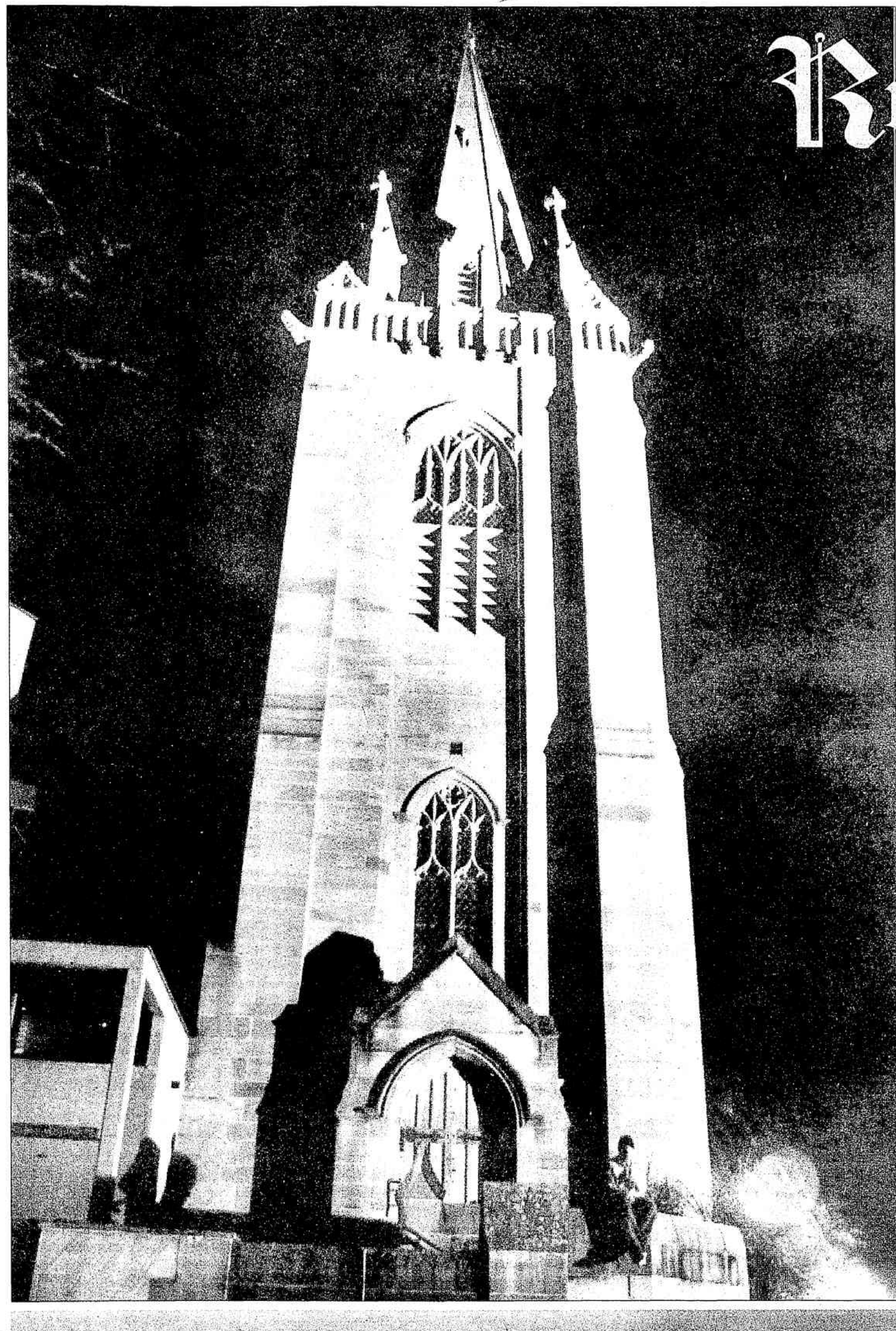


Censorship on the net

Pornography, by its nature, raises questions of censorship. A two-fold system of censorship exists on internet. First, there is an external system of governmental censorship. That is, any information downloaded into the memory of a computer is subject to the laws that rule its physical location. Mister Grimm, the webmaster of "Who's your Daddy?" comments, "If I open a teen porn site in the US, I risk arrest. but if I open it in Amsterdam I don't, even though my audience would be the same either way". The difficulty of regulating the Internet is evident in the United States Supreme Court overturning of the Computer Decency Act (1997) and US President Clinton's call for the WWW to remain tax free. The Penthouse homepage (<http://www.penthouse.com>) praised the Supreme Court after the ruling for their "... wisdom and their vision in concluding that 'the content of the Internet is as diverse as human thought'. They have bravely discharged their duty to the people..." But there are also mechanisms within the net that offer scope for internal regulation. Internet Service Providers (ISPs) support websites and many have policies against pornographic material. However as Mister Grimm explained: "... They won't do anything about it until enough people complain that there is a PR problem. I had an adult website up on an ISP that officially 'didn't allow pornography' for four months and I never got one e-mail or complaint about it. The bottom line is money. If pornography can exist on their servers without costing them potential business, they will continue to take my money. It is very profitable [for ISPs],

seeing as there are millions of porn sites and each of these is paying server fees. In her book *Release 2.0 — Design for Living in the Digital Age*, Esther Dyson argues that the Internet will ultimately develop its own form of regulation. Dyson also predicts that owners will give away their intellectual property and collect their profits from public appearances or other services, like the software companies who currently charge for upgrades but not the product (like Shelley and Renee, who offer free pictures and charge for merchandise). Dyson also endorses the role of 'data intermediaries' who will vouch for a client's credit. This practice is used at pornographic sites as a form of censorship to check a viewer's eligibility — even amongst 'free' sites where it operates as an expense to your credit card. If pornography is determined by censorship then perhaps the true pornography of the Internet is that which is unavailable, such as necrophilia and bestiality. However, such illicit images can be transferred without detection through IRCs (Internet Relay Channels) and chat rooms. Ultimately, there is some filthy stuff out there and the effort required is little different to a trek through Fyshwick or Mitchell. Assuming that the participants are consenting adults the other valid argument against Internet pornography regards it being viewed by minors. While it is difficult to accidentally arrive at such images, programs like 'NetNanny' can limit their accessibility. This illustrates that Internet censorship lacks a central authority to govern its content — much like the Web itself — because is an inalienable freedom of the medium that a viewer can see or be offended by what they choose. You have been warned

Thank God for Religion



Does your life have a direction? Or are you just one of the many whose university life is made up of a series of nights of getting drunk and getting stoned and getting sex? Adrian Regan, intrepid Woroni reporter and professional sceptic, spoke to some students from campus religious groups who do things differently. So, do you want to believe?

'What do you believe in? I was asked this question during the holidays, and it just won't go away.'

What do you believe in? I was asked this question during the holidays, and it just won't go away. I can't understand the idea of faith, a belief in a transcendental truth, of a metaphysical reality which underpins The Right Way to Live. The first thing that I discovered was that there are at least ten religious/spiritual organisations at Uni, across all kinds of beliefs. Perhaps it shows how aspiritual my life is, but I hardly know anyone who "has faith". I went and talked to some people who did, to see what it means to them to believe. Through the randomness of the Clubs and Societies list and the complication of trying to get people during the holidays, I ended up talking to people from three very different organisations: Sahaja Yoga; FOCUS; (Federation of Christian University Students); and The ANU Moslem association.

Sahaja Yoga is a form of meditation, following the teachings of Sri Mataji Nirmal Devi. I spoke to Shireen, who has been practising this meditation for four years. "Sahaja means spontaneous, yoga means union - union with the divine or whatever you want to call it. The meditation gives you a kundalini awakening, the awakening of this energy inside us, which is what you're born with. You could call it mother nature or whatever you like, some people call it god... it's the connection, the thing which makes flowers grow, the thing which connects us all to one another."

This isn't the same as the yoga which most people are familiar with, which involves assuming different positions as part of a meditation, make the Kundalini energy rise through the different Chakra, or energy foci, of the body. (If you saw the new James Bond flick, you might remember the torture instruments that the evil henchman threatened Bond with. They were designed to manipulate the different Chakra.) There are seven of these points, and Sahaja Yoga claims to enable the Kundalini energy to rise to the seventh, at the crown of the skull.

"Our meditation is unique because it goes to the last Chakra, which takes us to what Jung called the collective unconscious, and that's the one which connects us to other people. Other meditations are about the mind, and what Sahaja Yoga is about is going beyond the mind."

"Einstein said that you only use ten percent of your brain, and the other ninety percent from what we believe, it's not your mind, it's the spiritual part, it's that part that connects you [to the world]. Thinking is just a human trait, it's not anything divine or wonderful, and it doesn't get you anywhere. You can't think about the present, only the past or the future. Sahaja Yoga's about living in the present. The only way to have pure joy is to live in the present. When you are meditating you are living in the present for that moment, what you want to do is to be able to be in that state whenever you want to, and basically to live in that state. You feel very tranquil, it's just nice not having to think all the time, none of those petty headaches - of course it's so hard to achieve, you know, I'm trying for it as well, even though I'm saying all this"

I asked Shireen whether she felt that Sahaja Yoga had changed her. Not surprisingly, she said that it had, "I've changed a lot since I started. I was just a normal teenager, going out, drinking, and taking drugs, stuff like that. Then my brother said that if I meditated every day he'd take me to India with him, and as I was doing it I realised that I enjoyed it for what it was. It gave me self-esteem, it gave me all these things that the drugs and the going out never did. It shed light on what else was out there, and I was saying "I don't need to dress up and parade around any more, it doesn't give me satisfaction, like it doesn't make me feel good about myself. You just start to feel content inside."

Coming from a very different position, Focus is the most prominent religious organisation on campus, their lurid posters announcing the various events and guest speakers form every poster board you can see. I think this has something to do with their Evangelical Christianity, which em-

phasizes spreading the "good news" about Jesus, as it was explained to me by Peter and Con when I had a chat with them.

Pete told a similar story of belief to Shireen's. Pete's doing post-graduate work at ANU, and became a Christian while he was an Undergraduate in Sydney. Before he "heard the good news" of the Gospel, Pete described himself as "living to satisfy myself, and if possible to make the people around me happy along the way. That's pretty normal and OK, but that's really where the problem lies. I was trying to live my own life my own way without God and sort of made his job redundant, becoming my own, um, god." The thing that made the difference for Pete was recognising that "Because God loves us so much, he takes the punishment on himself in Jesus' death on the cross, and pays

all the priorities have just switched around. Sometimes it's hard to remember that because I'm just human and I struggle with ambition and those kinds of things, but at the end of the day I know in reality they aren't important. I sleep well at night."

Con talked about the forgiveness of God. The most important thing for both him and Pete is accepting God's forgiveness, and entering into a relationship with God to explore the possibilities this opens to believers. "Most people think that Ten Commandments is basically a good summary of what Christianity is, and I mean, it's not. It's about the relationship with Jesus as your God, rather than trying to appease the Gods or brownie points."

Unlike the others, Anaf and Urfa from the ANU Moslem Association were raised with the beliefs

"If you read the Qur'an it is written in a very thought provoking style, it asks you to look at the things around you." Urfa butted in and agreed, saying, "This may sound really bad, I don't know, but there's a very intellectual aspect to it all, that's one of the things I really like about it. Even in the Qur'an it doesn't just say, "God says you have to do this, and do it because he loves you," there's always some sort of logical reason for everything."

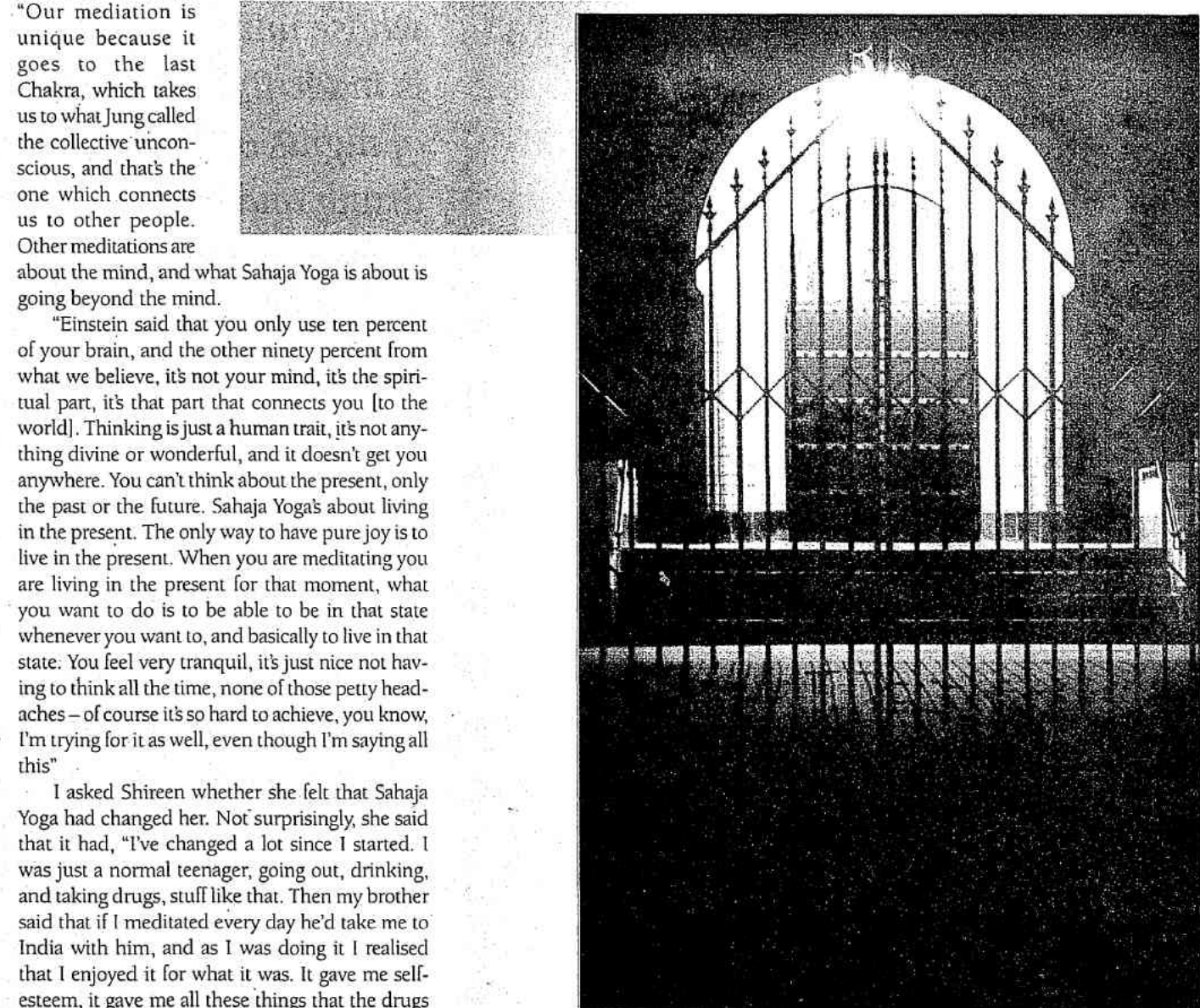
All religious / spiritual groups provide a social network for their members, supporting them, but it was in talking to the folks from ANUMA that this came out the most for me. Anaf and Urfa were involved in setting up ANUMA a few years ago, to provide a peer support network for Moslem students, "Because we are a minority," explained Urfa, "ANUMA is there to provide a social support, where there are people you can talk to without having to constantly explain yourself... and also to educate people about our culture." This said, when I suggested that ANUMA was a social rather than a religious organisation, Urfa rejected the distinction, "Islam isn't [just] a religion as such

anyway, it's a way of life. It permeates everything we do, you know, the way we dress, eat, pray, do whatever. There really isn't a line of demarcation that we draw." The difference between my mistrust of faith, and the commitment of a

believer was really shown when the matter of prayer was raised. I suggested that was a lot of praying, but this wasn't a big deal in Urfa's eyes. "If you pray five times a day it's no guarantee that you're going to get into heaven." Anaf added, "[Islam] encourages you to be successful, to put in your effort, to live your life to the full, to make a contribution to your community."

One of the things that surprised me most was when Pete said that he didn't think of himself as a naturally religious person. I think he meant that for him, accepting the Christian faith as the true word of God is the recognition of an essential truth about the nature of reality. The sceptical person that I am, I found this amazing. I can't imagine believing in anything that strongly. This wasn't something limited to Pete and Con either - Shireen, Anaf and Urfa all had this sort of quality to their descriptions of their beliefs as well. It was weird speaking to people who were satisfied within themselves that they had found the truth about their existence, and felt that they were moving down the right path to a good life.

In a nation which they all saw as areligious or aspiritual, these people have found things which provide meaning for them to orient their lives around. Participation in a system of thought like these is a powerfully attractive force. As I was doing the interviews, I felt jealous of these believers. I do want to believe in God, salvation, in Aliens, in the overthrow of the bourgeoisie, the divine plan, and the collective unconscious, but I can't. I listened to three stories of belief, all told with equal earnestness, in which people generously revealed to me some of the most important parts of their lives, but none of them could provide me with an understanding of why they believed in the particular things they did. I can't see any reason to believe any of these stories over another. I wrote this article because I wanted to hear about belief, and even if I can't do it, it sounds good for those who can.



the price we couldn't." Becoming a Christian has reshaped the way that Pete looks at his life from top to bottom. "My views have changed on all sorts of stuff, from what kind of career I end up landing, the earning potential there, how good my degree is, whether I'm a social success and people like me. All those things just count for absolutely nothing compared to what God has to offer me. I don't have all the hang-ups and anxiety associated with carving my path in the world and being a real superhero. At the same time all sorts of other things have become really important, like the way I treat people, and the way I relate to God."

I wasn't quite sure what that meant, so I got Pete to explain his "relationship with God": "He's the one that saved me, and he's given so much for me, he's got a way for me to live which is the best way. The way I relate to God is one of dependence; I've got to depend on God for all my needs. Not only salvation, but the clothes I wear, the money I have, the job I have, the person who I married...

they now hold. This gave a very different feel to the conversation, and left me feeling even more like I was saying "give me your life in ten soundbites", since they didn't have anything to compare belief to. In comparison to the guys from FOCUS, the idea of a "relationship with God" like Christians speak of is a bit strange to Moslems. "The idea of the relationship with God is there, but we approach it differently. We know that [God is there], and it's more about actions. Islam is a practical religion." One phrase, "remembrance of God in everything we do" really stuck in my head.

When I spoke to Anaf and Urfa the holy month of Ramadan had just ended. Anaf described Ramadan as "a short course for life", because not only do you not eat or drink during daylight, but because, "it's supposed to be one month where you take the time, where you make the sacrifices. It gives you the time to evaluate things, where you have been going; particularly character traits." Self reflection was an important part of Islam, Anaf explained,

I do want to believe in God, salvation, in aliens, in the overthrow of the bourgeoisie, the divine plan and the collective unconscious, but I can't.

The way I relate to God is a way of dependence; I've got to depend on God for all my needs, not only salvation but the clothes I wear, money I have, the job I have, the person I married.

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Tibet Freedom Concert
various artists

Live Aid for the late 90s?? A significant political statement? Or just a set of very good tunes? The tensions that have always existed between politics and art make themselves felt on this three cd set (two and a half of music plus some tricky cd-rom stuff for your computer), documenting the two Tibet Freedom Concerts that have been held in America over the last two years. While they form a who's who of indie music in the late 90s, and possess some amazing musical moments, they leave me feeling just a little uneasy.

Run by the Milarepa organisation, whose founder and patron saint is the bass-playing Beastie Adam Yauch, the concerts (and subsequent album) aim to provide funds for Milarepa to help the people of Tibet in a variety of ways. Since the Chinese invaded in 1950, more than 1.2 million Tibetans have been murdered or starved by the Chinese military. There is systematic sterilisation and forced abortion, "corrective education", and a massive program of resettlement to make the Tibetans a minority in their own country. The

natural resources of Tibet have been stripped, and the Chinese store much of their nuclear arsenal on Tibetan soil. So, even if the plight of Tibet has become abit of a trendy cause in the US, something clearly has to be done, and I'd rather have Richard Gere doing it than no-one at all.

The message of the album is clearly one of awareness and hope, as conveyed by the beautifully presented (and copious) liner notes. Packaging can be good. But how do you rock and bop in the face of Tibet's suffering? I guess the answer is that you just do, because there is no other choice. You have to wonder how many of the audience (me included) will actually do something. As Ben Harper sings on "Ground On Down", there are good deeds and good intentions, and they're as far apart as heaven and hell. But the sentiment from the liner notes by Yauch and the Dalai Lama seems to be dance if you want, protest if you want, everything helps. So, feeling slightly uneasy and guilty, let's proceed to the tunes, because that's really what's going to determine how many people buy the record.

Each cd opens and closes with Tibetan monks chanting prayers which are stunning. (The monks are the only singers in the world who can harmonise with themselves, which they do by singing and getting reverberations going in their

sinuses. Cool.) Other highlights include the aforementioned Mr. Harper, the John Spencer Blues Explosion, Radiohead's "Fake Plastic Trees", U2, Sonic Youth's instrumental "Wildflower", which manages to be frail and beautiful as well as being one hell of a racket, Porno for Pyros' old classic "Meija", Vedder and McCready doing the best version of "Yellow Ledbetter" I've ever heard, the suddenly yet deservedly popular Mighty Mighty Bosstones banging their way through "Noise Brigade", Pavement's glorious "Type Slowly", Stipe and Mills playing "Electrolite" gorgeously on a little casio, and Rancid's cover of Jimmy Cliff's "The harder they come". And that's only the half of it. You also get Beck, Bjork, Blur and the Beasties, and seeing it's organised by them, some awesome hip hop including KRS-1, A Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul, and the truly cool Biz Markie as well as the Fugees' "Fu Gee La" which made me understand why so many people dig them. Plus a few traditional Tibetan songs and chants which really stand out amidst all the noise. Not bad.

All in all, definitely worth the forty bucks, especially since the profits are going to such a good cause. Increased awareness doesn't always lead to increased happiness, but maybe the energy and inspiration from the music will inspire some lazy folks like me to do a little more.

—PAUL H



Trainspotting #2 soundtrack
various artists

It says something about the success of *Trainspotting* that it can warrant the release of a second soundtrack, especially when it contains only a half dozen or so tunes that were actually in the film. Or maybe it says a great deal about the greediness of record companies wanting to cash in on the success of #1. Whatever the case, *Trainspotting #2* stacks up admirably compared to the numerous great songs on #1.

According to the spiel on the sleeve, this disc completes the journey started by #1, and contains more original music from the film, along with "all the direct connections - music that inspired the film-makers or has been inspired by the film."

Underworld, Sleeper and the immortal Iggy Pop all return with some quality material (and a couple of doubtful remixes of 'Born Slippy' and 'Nightclubbing'), while David Bowie makes an appearance with 'Golden Years', a song those who have read the book will quickly associate with.

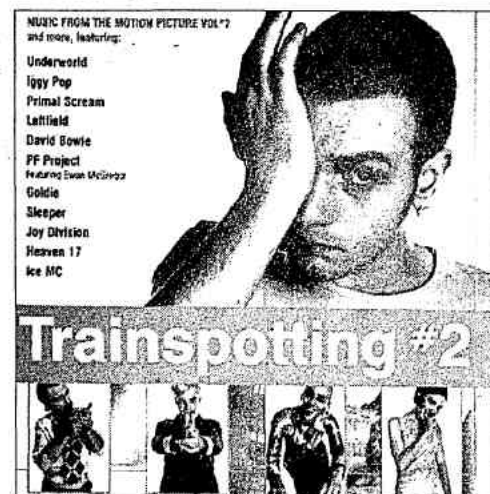
I found it difficult to agree with the sleeve notes on how Fun Boy Three, Goldie and Joy Division inspired the film, but they are all welcome additions. In particular, 'Come Together' (not a Beatles cover) is yet another impressive tune from Primal Scream.

Without a doubt, the highlight is 'Choose Life', by PF Project. As well as being a storming dance track, it features Ewan McGregor (Renton) crooning on in his inimitable Scottish accent: "Choose a job... choose a fucking big television... choose your future. Choose life." If anything was missing from Vol 1, it was these choice words from one of the 90s most outstanding performances on the big screen.

Fans of the film will also be impressed by the inclusion of 'Habanera' from the opera *Carmen*, which was the background to Renton's unique preparations to wean himself off heroin. This track is a delightful touch amid what is otherwise a collection of pretty serious tunes.

Anybody who has listened to the first *Trainspotting* soundtrack will know how impressive it was in recreating the spirit of the movie. Although not in the same class as #1, *Trainspotting #2* does a good job of bringing even more aspects of the film onto your stereo. For hardcore *Trainspotting* fans, this can only be a good thing.

—DANIEL LANDON



Mugzy's Move
Royal Crown Revue

More people should know about this band. If prohibition was enforced today, these boys would be the ones to play in my speakeasy. Royal Crown Revue are cool blend of fast horns, Chicago gangster accents, brilliant lyrics, and a great beat. You may remember them for 'Hey Pachuco' on *The Mask* Soundtrack, a song that is redone for this album, along with 'Zip Gun Bop' from the previous CD *Gangsta Bop*. Royal Crown Revue recently toured as part of the Warped tour, and as someone said "the kids found themselves dancing, instead of moshing." Hopefully it is a craze that will catch on.

Mugzy's Move is "Mystery, Thrills and Hard-Boiled Swing", with a little bit of good advice thrown in. Every poor young gent out there should learn from 'Dating with no Dough': "Saw your chick picking up the tab the other day, are you just broke or a knuckle head?", and for all those



out there being chased by a rival gang, 'Zip Gun Bop' is a dance "Ya better learn to do... 'fore yer heart stops." And for all of those with dreams of Hollywood a quick listen to 'Trouble in Tinsel Town' will make you think twice. Or you could just forget the learning and groove along to the sexy sounds of horns over bass. A jazzed up version of 'Beyond the Sea' (think *A Life Less Ordinary*) is perfect to swing close to with that special someone.

If you long for the days when girls were dolls and every guy had a sax or a tommy gun, then Royal Crown Revue is for you. *Mugzy's Move* has everything you need for a perfect night of classic gangsta jazz, except for the cocktails.

—ROSLYN D



Fresco
M People

M People struck a nostalgic chord when they resurrected the disco sound of the 70s on *Northern Soul* in 1992. The smooth blend of Heather Small's voice and Mike Pickering and Paul Heard's funky arrangements then produced a string of hits from *Elegant Slumming*, including the classic anthem, *Moving On Up* and even following Deep Forest into TV commercials - remember the quirky piece of music in the *Lite White* ad? That was *Natural Thing*. The widening of subjects and their musical style led to another string of hits from *Bizarre Fruit* (and another TV commercial with *Search For The Hero*).

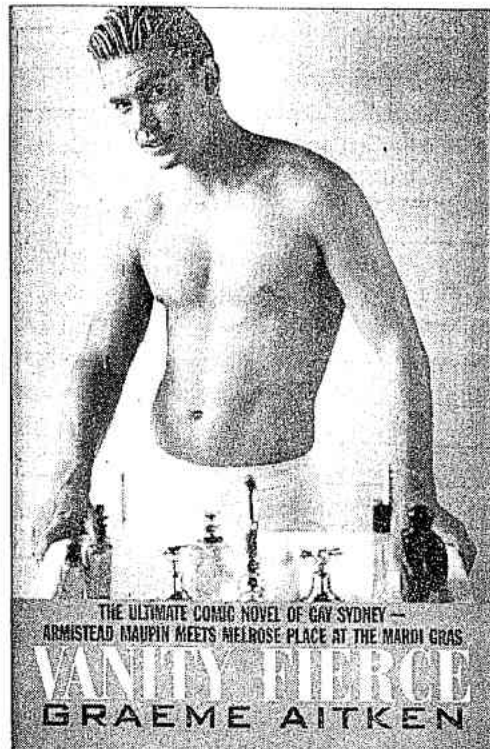
After a three year absence, M People have reverted to their most basic component and thrown out all the progress they'd made to now. *Fresco* is a cop-out! They have tried to recapture their nostalgic roots and lost all substance in the process. Even the remixes of the two singles to date, *Just*



For You and *Fantasy Island* are dull. It's not the fault of the mixers, there's just nothing here to work with. M People have lost their way. This is super nova - the death of a star.

There is one exception - an interesting cover of the Brian Ferry classic, *Avalon*. A glimmer of light at the end of this album is not enough to save it. *Fresco* may be such a spectacular disaster that it took the whole genre down with it. Only time will tell if the wonderful funk of the 70s will be lost forever or if the wounds inflicted by M People can be healed.

—MARK-LEON THORNE



(above) Vanity is never letting anything come between you and your Calvins



Vanity Fierce

Graeme Aitken

The best thing about Graeme Aitken's book is the way it illustrates many of the facets of gay life in the fast lane. Forget *The Sum of Us*, the characters of this novel are more like the cast of *Melrose Place* — bitching, lying and sleeping their way between various sets of sheets.

The novel centres on the self-professed 'golden boy' Steven. Like the best bitchy soap queens, he is amazingly shallow; and his outrageous machinations provide more than enough material to sustain the novel. *Vanity Fierce* in this way is aggressively cross-genre, with the style of a racy bodice-ripper, but an exclusively gay cast. The result is refreshing, and perhaps the most admirable achievement of this book is that gay is incidentally accepted as the norm, and by the end, the reader is rooting (pun intended) for Steven to get his man.

Although Aitken's tone is mostly frothy, there are more serious interludes where gay concerns are explored. The fear of harassment is peripheral to many scenes, and the spectre of AIDS also makes an appearance. Although the novel does not claim by any means to be representative, it was involving to read an account of how a gay man sees and treats those who are HIV positive.

The novel undergoes a distinct change as Steven manages to grow a brain by its conclusion.

Although this is to be welcomed, ultimately Aitken never resolves his alternations between satire and poignant realism. In addition, many of the characters remain two dimensional, without managing to engage or concern the reader. But there are wonderful exceptions. One is Sass, the brassy, impudent cross-dressing streetwalker, who when told by Steven that he could get a better position in life, comments baldly that to most of the world he is a freak, and could only ever be employed as such. "On the stage at Les Girls, pulling my wig off at the end of the night. No, thankyou...I want to be respected and believe it or not, I can get more respect as a hooker."

Despite these minor criticisms, I still recommend this book. It is the kind of novel which if you recognise the tongue-in-cheek, exaggerated style of the gossip and sexual politics, is entirely enjoyable. It is not however for the prudish: in the steamy scenes, there are never any doubts for the reader concerning the whereabouts of the body organs of every character concerned. But if you ask me, it's about time, as gays have to endure heterosexual sex scenes in every mainstream Hollywood film. This is a great light read, and if you've never read any gay literature, make the effort.

—LYN KEMMIS

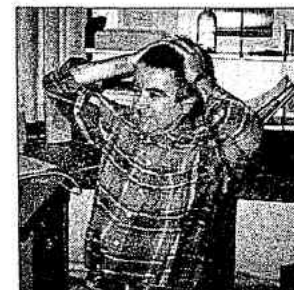
What I'm reading

Reading? *Oranges are not the only fruit*, Janet Winterson



Classic? *A room with a view*, E M Forster

Clare, 4th yr law



Reading? *Supping with panthers*, Tom Hollands and *Religion and the decline of magic*, Keith Thomas

Classic? *Great expectations*, Charles Dickens and anything by Dostoesky

prof Ian Wright

Reading? *Aboriginal music: education for living*, Catherine Ellis and *The digerdoo: from Arnhem Land to Internet*



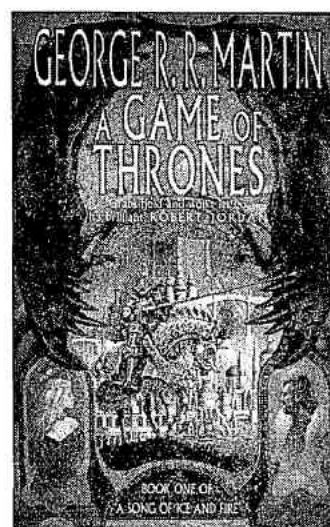
Classic? *Dune*, Frank Herrbet

Meryn, Netherlands student

Reading? *Angela's ashes*, Frank McCourt and *Once self an other*, Paul Ricoeur

Classic? *Anna Karenina*, Leo Tolstoy

David Parker, head of English department

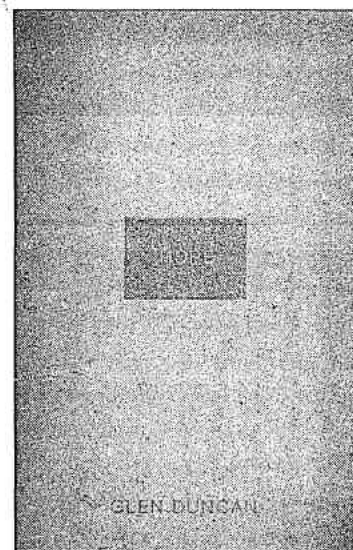


A Game of Thrones

George R.R. Martin

Immersion into a fantasy world reminiscent of the splendour and tragedy of medieval life sounds appealing, then George R.R. Martin's new book is a must-read. Narrated primarily through the eyes of the Stark family, the story spans the breadth of the Sunset Lands. The reader is taken from the icy cold of the North guarded by an immense ice wall, to a royal court rife with intrigue, conspiracy and danger in the South. Martin's vast cast of characters are highly individualistic people. Their slow growth to maturity and wisdom allows them to master their fears and face the consequences of a land divided by family loyalties and hovering on the brink of civil war. With a simple style of writing and a brilliant ability to maintain the suspense, Martin has ensured that anyone who reads this book will be desperate to get their hands on the soon-to-be released sequel.

—ALICE REES



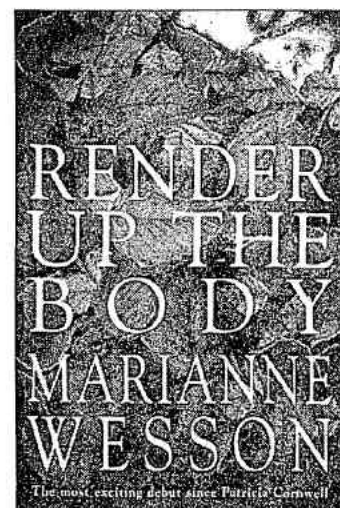
Hope

Glen Duncan

Pornography - addiction, prostitution, shame and despair — these are just some of the life-affirming subjects that *Hope* explores. The main character and narrator is twenty-seven year old Gabriel, who lives in an empty world of loneliness, self-loathing and pornography. All that Gabriel has left to sustain him are his appointments with the infinitely desirable prostitute, Hope — hence the trendy irony of the title, kids — and his reminiscences of how he has fucked up his previous relationship and, more broadly, his entire life. Juxtaposing flashbacks and Gabriel's hellish present, the story progresses with an uneven but effective sense of approaching tragedy.

Hope occasionally lapses into the kind of narcissistic self-indulgence that makes you want to grab the author by his carefully cultivated Gen X curls and smack him around the head until he stops being such a precious angst-ridden wanker. But when it actually gets on with the story, *Hope* is actually pretty good. Dark, obsessive, but kind of compelling, it has a perverse watch-me-sit-my-own-wrists attraction that keeps you going through the try-hard bits.

—TOM ROBINSON



Render Up The Body

Marianne Wesson

Question: If you take a Patricia Cornwell novel, keep the same dark mysterious art work on the cover, reduce the 'nailbiting' factor slightly, make the heroine a little less perfect, increase the number of gays, lesbians, fat and black people and then substitute the medical lingo for legal jargon what have you got? Answer: A Marianne Wesson novel.

Although it is a little harsh to describe the book in this way it will at least give you a quick idea of the book's structure and if you are a Cornwell lover or Law student the above paragraph will be a green light. I thoroughly enjoyed this book mainly because of my love for crime writing but I do feel that if I had a keen interest in the intricacies of the legal system my enjoyment would have been increased triple-fold. At times Wesson's writing is dry but then there are paragraphs full of descriptive writing that will make your mind soar and leave you aching to see Colorado.

—FELICITY MULLENS



Das Boot

Wolfgang Petersen

Originally released in 1982, Wolfgang Petersen's *Das Boot* received widespread critical and popular acclaim. In America it has been the highest grossing foreign film to date, along with receiving nominations for six academy awards. Fifteen years on and with an extra fifty-one minutes of suspense filled action *The Boat* has returned.

Set in 1941, at a time when Germany was being out manoeuvred and out gunned in the Atlantic, and only one in four sailors were returning from duty, the crew of U-96 gallantly embarked on their journey. Led by their pragmatic and unflappable captain (Jurgen Prochnov) the U-boat goes about its mission of destroying allied shipping. An early success brings a much needed sense of optimism to the young crew. But what follows is a series of crises as the U-boat has to face stunning counter attacks from superior allied weaponry coupled with the short comings of Hitler's war strategy. The viewer is sucked right in and engaged with the crew in their experiences in a manner seldom achieved in cinema.

Das Boot is truly an epic adventure that should not be missed. While it is superbly shot and sublimely acted, the major achievement of *Das Boot* is the insight that Petersen brings to our traditional enemy. We are not witnessing the stereotypical evil Nazi but mere humans locked into the vicious machinations of war.

The original success of *Das Boot* has given Petersen the license to make Hollywood blockbusters such as *Air Force One* and *In the Line of Fire*. Yet it is his original masterpiece that will continue to stand the test of time. While three and a half hours inside a submarine is certainly not for everyone, especially considering Centre Cinema's far from ergonomic seating, *Das Boot* is ultimately a rewarding movie experience.

—TERRY SPREY

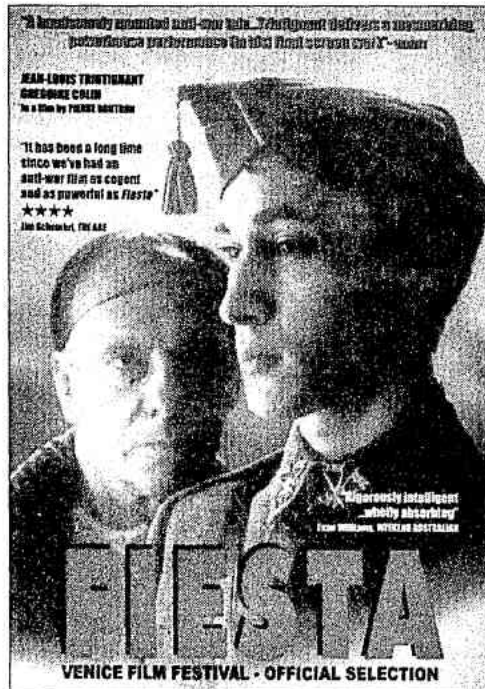


Her Majesty, Mrs Brown

John Madden

Her Majesty, Mrs Brown is the latest in a long line of British historical costume dramas. It is set in the 1860s and deals with the relationship between Queen Victoria (Judi Dench) and John Brown (Billy Connolly), a servant whose friendship helped her out of her long period of mourning for her husband Prince Albert.

The screenplay for *Mrs Brown* hedges its bets historically, perhaps out of respect for the individuals involved — although there are very oblique hints that Brown and Queen Victoria had sex, it was never confirmed in real life and thus it isn't in this film. This sense of respect pervades



the film, and as a result, nothing much actually happens. This may be *Mrs Brown's* only real flaw.

However, while not being a freely adapted Ken Russell blow-job-decapitation movie it is as David Stratton noted a well-written "character study" of Brown and Victoria. It thus relies on the two central actors to work, and Dench and Connolly are both wonderful, as is the entire cast (particularly the scene-stealing Antony Sher as Prime Minister Disraeli). The direction by John Madden and production are a little TV-movie at times, but the screenplay and the acting are what hold this film up and they're both great.

—ROBIN SHORT



(above) Billy Connolly — the next James Bond?



An American Werewolf in Paris

Anthony Waller

When the promotion for a film proudly states that the writer/director was awarded a gold medal in advertising for a Pizza Hut commercial, you just know the film is going to be cheesy. And *An American Werewolf in Paris* is almost a supreme with double cheese; mainly due to the efforts of Tom Everett Scott (*That Thing You Do!*) in the title role trying to cope with a very cheesy script. Three college kids travelling around Europe on the Brentwood Post-Graduate Euro Danger-Tour 96; Andy, Chris and Brad end up in Paris with wild plans to bungy off the Eiffel Tower. A young Parisian girl played perfectly by Julie Deply, has similar plans, but with out the cord. Andy saves her, falls in love with her, gets bitten by her and turns into a werewolf, typical stuff.

The supporting cast of decaying and extremely pissed-off zombies, bumbling police officers, and a nasty bouncer provide the comic element to keep you laughing and interested. Unfortunately the special effects are too good for this film, leaving it to sit uncomfortably between the genres of comedy and horror. Great morphing and other effects created by people who usually work on films of the calibre of *Star Trek - Generations*, *Jurassic Park*, *Dragon Heart* and *Ghost*, gave the film a slick professional look that it didn't deserve or need. With lousy effects this film could have comfortably slipped into the so cheesy it's funny horror/comedy category to become a late night cult-video classic.

An American Werewolf in Paris has a great cast, a perfect script, and seamless special effects, which



FIESTA

Pierre Boutron

Fiesta is a film that doesn't need to be. Although I haven't read the autobiography of Jose Luis Villalonga that this film is based on, I'm sure that the visuals given it by this film are unnecessary. Not that *Fiesta* is a bad film, or a total waste of time to watch, it's just the dialogue is so superb, and the cinematography so dark and dank that I would have preferred to read this one, or even seen the play.

Fiesta is a straight to video release (available March 9) that is an official selection at the Venice Film Festival. Set during the Spanish Civil War, Rafael, the son of a general, is plucked from school to get war training as part of firing squad under

just doesn't mix, delivering an over-cooked pizza with rubber cheese. Shame, it could have been the perfect take-out.

—ROSLYN D



The Rainmaker

Francis Ford Coppola

The Rainmaker is the latest from the John Grisham-Hollywood factory. However this film has far more to offer than the previous interpretations of his books. I suspect that this has a lot to do with the influence of director and screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola (*Apocalypse Now*, *Godfather Trilogy*, *Dracula*).

The story revolves around recent law school graduate Rudy (Matt Damon), desperate for a job in a city with more than enough lawyers. Unlike his law school 'friends' he lacks rich family connections, and he ends up working in the employ of Buster Stone (Mickey Rourke). Buster's law firm is largely dependent on the soliciting of clients from the local hospital accident ward and a number of crooked dealings. Here and elsewhere in the film Coppola has chosen to focus on the less than glamorous side of law, and in this way he presents a very un-hollywood portrayal of lawyers.

After the heat is put on by the FBI Rudy leaves with Deck Shifflett (De Vito) to begin their own humble business. Their first case involves a powerful and corrupt insurance company which has failed to deliver on a dying man's insurance policy. Rudy is in way over his head and he knows it. Enter Leo F. Drummond (Jon Voight), the despi-

—NATHAN BACKHOUSE



(above) corporate lawyer, or American werewolf?

video

the command of legendary Colonel Massagul (Jean Louis Trintignant - *3 Colours Red*, *The City of Lost Children*). It is not the story of this young prick of a man that you care about, but the life of the Colonel, a man who fights war for war sake knowing that he is the bad guy, that what he is fighting for is unfair and unjust, "Our enemies will lose the war, I assume we shall triumph because we are the greater twits".

Fiesta is the ultimate anti-war film, even the colonels don't believe in their cause. Yet the coldness or naivety of the young hero sucks the emotion from the film leaving the Colonel's aide and lover, a young man who wants to be an actor, to

eloquently bring back the poetry and heart that *Fiesta* so desperately needs. There is a love interest for Rafael, but it is so pointless and contrived that it is easily ignored. This is a film filled with poignant one-liners and some of the best characterisation I have seen in a long time, *Fiesta* is a brilliant read with some hopeless pictures.

—ROSLYN D

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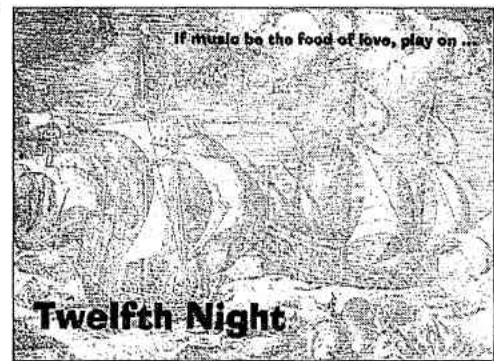
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what's On



“Shakespeare is very fond of multiple meanings”, writes Nicholas Bolonkin in his director's notes. This year's production of *Twelfth Night*, in the National Summer Shakespeare series, lives up to this statement. Having chosen an all-female cast, Bolonkin has added to the confusion created by the theme of mistaken identity in the play, allowing an audience to juggle “as they will” with the significance of the cross-dressing. Being somewhat conventional, however, I felt a little disappointed that the end of the play was not as romantic as it could have been, and indeed, the lady next to me asked me whether the all-female cast was due to a lack of talented male performers!

Nonetheless, performances all-round were excellent, and it was evident that every one involved had put a lot of time and effort into rehearsing and perfecting their parts. Of particular note was Lainie Hart, who delivered a powerful performance as Viola struggling with her need to appear and act like a man, whilst hiding her love for Orsino (Jessica Wolfendale) and Suzanne Michaelis, who played the part of Sir Andrew Anguecheek to perfection. Careful and clever use was made of the simple setting. The first scenes were set on the beach, allowing Viola and the Sea Captain to arrive by boat, and later the play moved to the larger backdrop of the Carillon.

The night I attended, it looked like it was going to rain, the evening was very cold and the audience was fairly small. This meant that there was a lot less of that audience interaction that a comedy really needs to get it going. My advice is to choose a night that's preceded one of those stinking hot days, bring a meal, a rug, cushion or a chair and prepare to enjoy a cool breeze and a cast that truly deserves a large and unruly audience to urge them to bigger and better things.

Canberra Theatre

Made to move is a dance program of bold and innovative works, driven by the ideas, passion and skills and energy of a breed of choreographers who take their artform to the cutting edge, challenging audiences with works that are surprising, beautiful and powerful. First up in the program is *Fireborn* by Padma Menon Dance Theatre running from the 12-21 of March at the Courtyard Studio. Other programs include *Fish* by Bangarra Dance Theatre (21-25 April, The Playhouse), *In Emzansi - Down South Africa* by the Rishile Gumboot Dancers of Soweto (2-4 July, The Playhouse), *Raising The Standard* by Page Gordon & Performance Group (23 July - 1 August, The Street Theatre) and *Quiver* by Leigh Warren & Dancers (10-14 November, The Playhouse). Subscribers can see the five programs for the price of four and will also be able to purchase discounted tickets to the Australian Ballet's 1914 and shows in the 1998 *World's Best Theatre* sub-

scription season. Anyone 26 years of age or under will be eligible for a Youth Concession subscription.

Stomp

Stomp is a “unique, explosive, provocative, sophisticated, sexy, and appeals to audiences of all ages. Stomp uses everything but conventional percussion instruments—instead, matchboxes, wooden poles, brooms, rubbish bin lids, zippo lighters, and hub caps fill the stage with magnificent rhythms”. Miss it and miss out.

The Street Theatre

West Side Story is playing from the 5th of March until the 21st and *At the Crossroads* runs until the 28th of February.

The Gypsy Bar and Brasserie has recently reopened at the new address of 131 City Walk, Canberra. A special line up of bands will be featured throughout O-week including The Waifs on Tuesday, Tom Robinson, an international act from England on Friday and Sonora Latina on Saturday. Alistaire, the manager commented that in the short term the move to new premises was a hassle, but in the long term the move to a bigger place means that the Bar can now operate as a proper live venue and will definitely attract bigger acts in the future.

ANU Drill Hall Gallery

Kingsley Street Acton, off Barry Drive. Gallery hours: Weds to Sun 12noon-5pm. Director: Nancy Sever. Telephone: (06) 249 5832. Admission free.

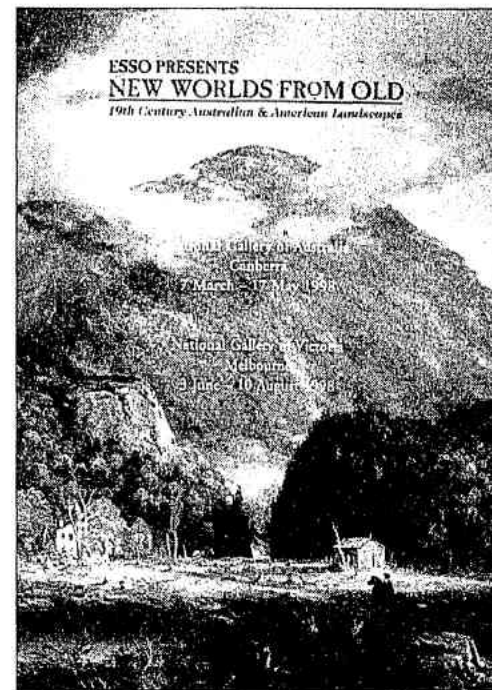
5 February - 8 March

Amcor Paper Awards

A biennial award featuring works by established and emerging artists who work on and with paper. Selected artists include: Lauren Berkowitz, Janet Dawson, Ruth Faerber, James Gleeson, Ruth Johnstone, Colin Lanceley, Alun Leach-Jones, Kevin Lincoln, Daniel Moynihan, Patsy Payne, Jan Sembergs, Paul Uhlmann. Sponsored by Am Paper.

Splash Out At the Pool

Splash out at the pool is a one day festival staged on the ground, in the water, and across the air by Community Radio 2XX from the Civic Olympic Pool in celebration of International Women's Day. Now in its fifth year, Splash Out At the Pool presents a dynamic program of music, performance, dance, physical and martial arts, visual arts, recreation and sporting events, and information networking. The program will include workshops and demonstrations in drumming, Latin American dance, diving, self-defence, an Information Bazaar and Solidarity Fair which includes free massages, a Legendary Bread and Roses Relay Race



and a concert program that runs from 2pm. Splash Out At the Pool is a free community festival with free on-site child care. Reservations for child care services are essential and standard pool admission charges apply for the festivities (\$3.10, \$2 conc, under 5s free).

Rang Zen

On Saturday the 14th of March, a one day festival called Rang Zen (which means freedom in Tibetan) will be held at the ANU Bar, to raise awareness of the Tibetan cause. Starting at 2.00pm, events are held throughout the day, and will include a skating demonstration, six DJs playing at the bar, along with various other bands including Strife, a band from LA; Area 7; Liquid; Toe to Toe; Mighty Few; Domingo, and Henry Anger. All funds raised will go to the Tibetan cause (all of the bands playing are performing without payment and those who have organised the concert have volunteered their services free of charge). If you're interested, then get your tickets at the Australian Tibetan Council stall on Market Day during O-week.

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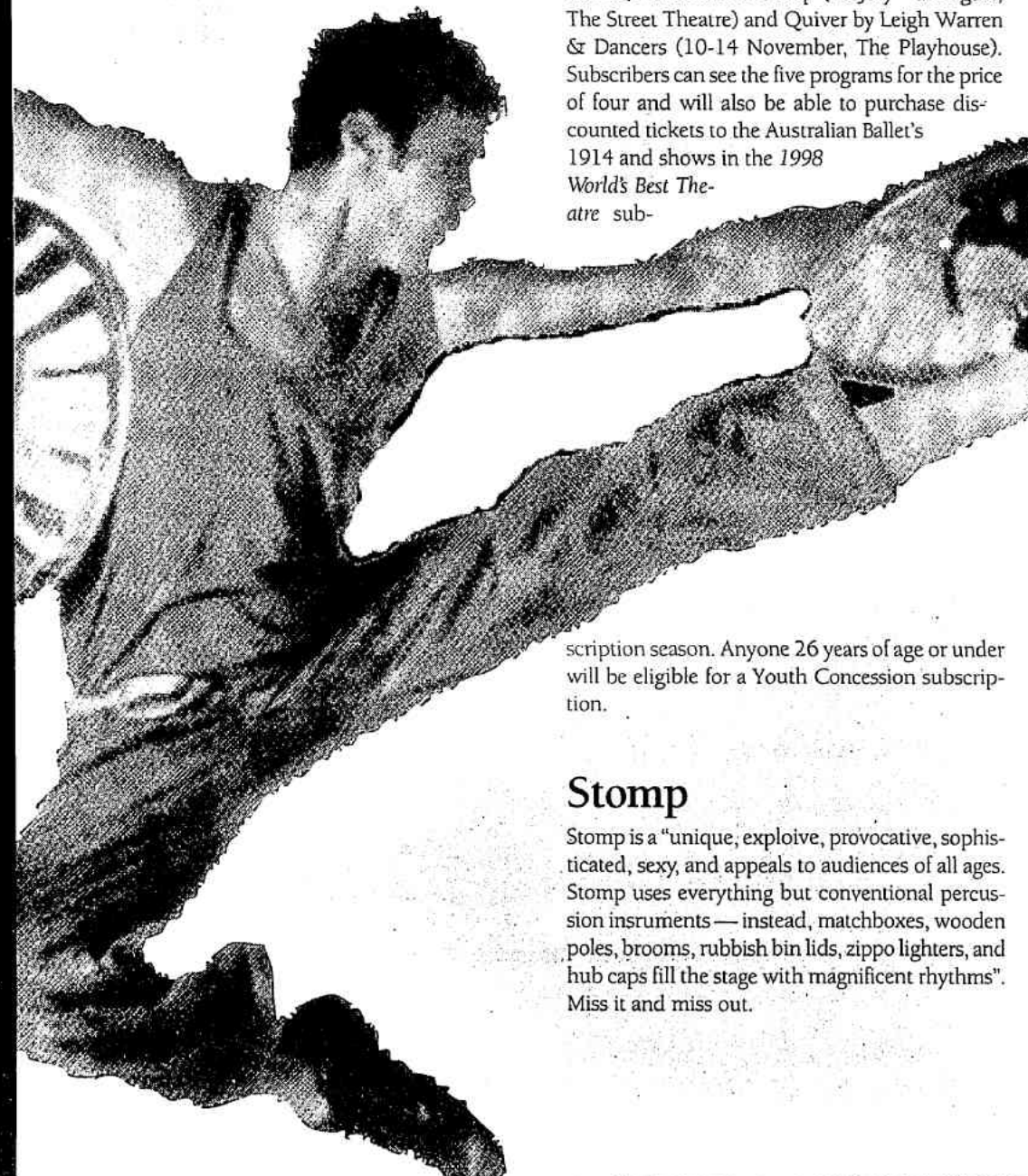
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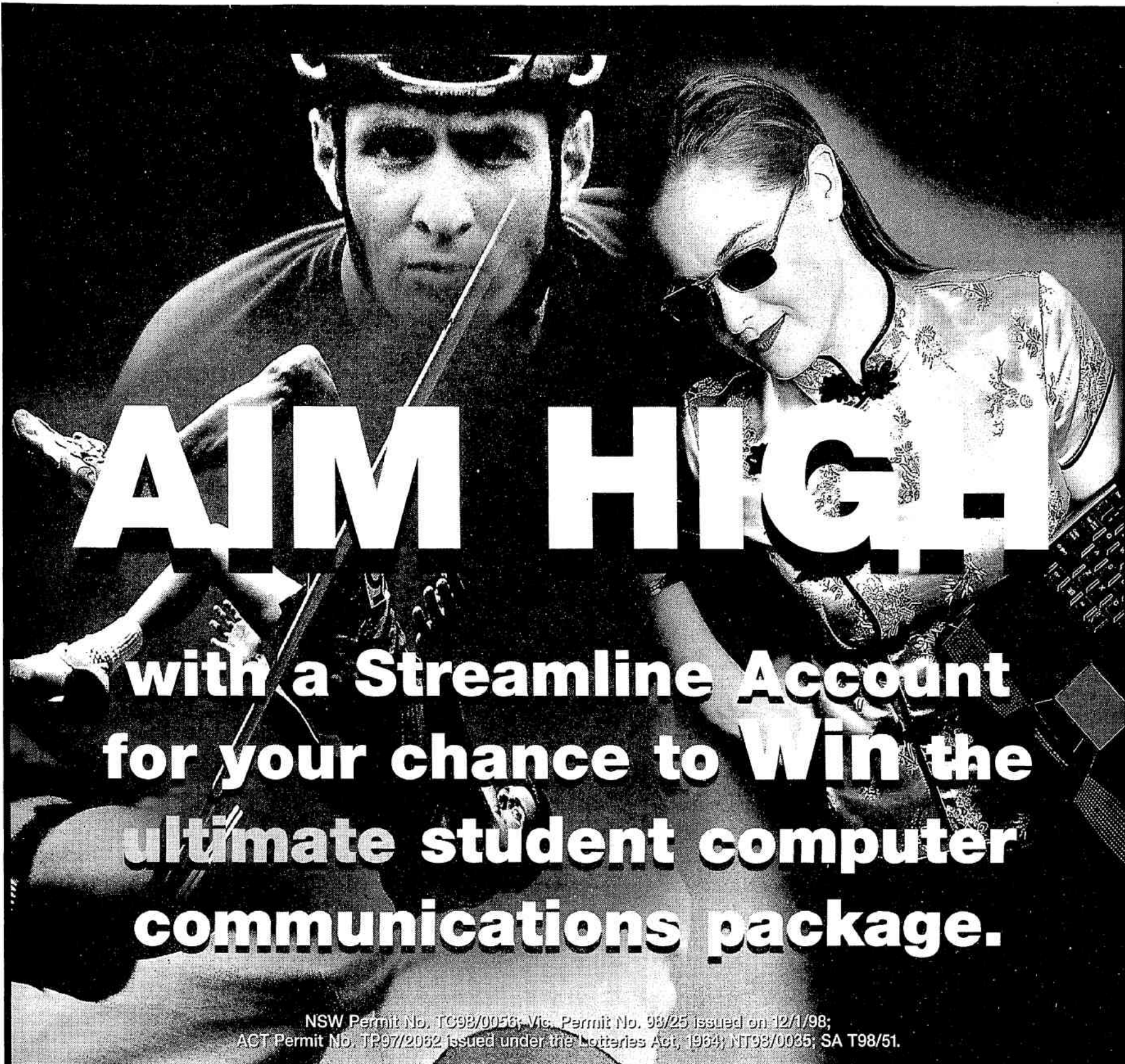
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getting out there
UK WITH A SILENT Y

Like many others I decided to spend a year in the U.K after Yr.12 working as a boarding house assistant. After hearing stories of people earning up to \$200 dollars a week and getting free holidays by accompanying school excursions to Sweden and Russia, I just knew I had to go. I wrote to 30 schools seeking employment and was finally offered a job at an independent boarding and day school in a little village in Somerset. My job description was nanny and boarding house assistant and it was agreed that I would receive 400 pounds a month. It seemed the first part of my expectations were fulfilled. I was also informed that I would be required to accompany students on excursions, with this I began to assume the other ideals were falling into place too. I spent weeks before my departure imagining just what the school would look like, would I like the family I was living with, would the students at the school like me? So many questions, but what I was really anxious to experience was the English cooking. For years I had been exposed to literature and tales that spoke of and conjured up images of hearty school lunches, suppers of wholesome breads and jams, juicy joints and roasts, ales that kept you nourished and warm throughout winter months and strawberries and apples that were as sweet as sugar and as plump as Santa. My expectations were high and my school, I discovered, was in no position of even coming close to them. I arrived there on the 6th of Janu-

ary and met the principals who were also the parents of my two new charges Alex and Emily. First impressions were they seemed a little stiff but could be quite nice people. I shook hands only to find out that they were both titled Majors. Major Webb and Major Webb told me how delighted they were that I arrived in the West Country without a hitch and they hoped the switching of trains at Bristol Temple-Meads was no great inconvenience. Well I thought that was lovely of them, but without drawing breath Major Webb went on to inform me that I should unpack quickly as I had work to do. Whilst walking me to my room which I came to refer to affectionately as the attic, Major Webb informed me that she can be soft but I was to re-



(above) English schoolkids enjoy jam and spotted dick

member that she was the first woman to command an all-male field force squadron within the British army of the Rhine. From this time on I just knew we were going to be great friends. My first English meal was approaching and due to it being winter I was imagining something steamy and sturdy like a beef stew with soda bread

and real butter. I was all a titter around 12:30 and then I discovered that they had forgotten mention in their letter of appointment that I would be required to cook for their family and for the 20 girls that lived in the boarding house. I nearly choked on all the saliva I had produced due to the thought of lunch. My cooking skills were far from special and just how does one go about cooking for 20.

As days went on I was finding out more and more about what exactly I was required to do under this title of nanny and boarding house assistant. I took all this in my stride. I watched my pay cheques getting mysteriously smaller each month as new and more inventive costs and deductions appeared on my pay slip. I rose at 4am six days a week to coach the cross country team, I wiped noses and bottoms in the kindergarten and went on the excursions I was promised, they were to baby animal farms 20 min from the school and the cost was deducted from my pay slip.

After all this I didn't expect any further shocks but the best of all was still to come. My dreams about English cuisine had been shattered early as I learned the school menu. Monday was jacket potatoes with cheese and 'Branston' Pickle, Tuesday was baked beans on toast, Wednesday was spaghetti bolognaise, Thursday was ox tail soup, Friday was pizza, Saturday was pork sausages and mash, and Sunday was a roast. I was very disappointed no 'Spotted Dick' no 'Toad in the hole' or 'Pigs in blankets'. The Sunday roast gave me some hope, that was of course until Sunday rolled around.

I was to collect the meat from the town butcher. He slapped the underside of a pig down on the counter and asked for 4pounds and twenty three pence. I said thank you and slapped my forehead a little too theatrically and said "Oh, and I would be needing the meat for the girls lunch also." To this the butcher replied in a very thick Somerset accent "This be it." I tucked the hunk of flesh under my arm and returned to the school. I reached the kitchen and unwrapped my swine and was so delighted to discover that it had nipples and bristles a plenty. Major Webb came into the kitchen and I was expecting Cilla Black to be there going "Surprise, Surprise" and slapping her thighs in laughter. But no, all that happened was that Major Webb rubbed his hands together and said "Great" and then reminded me to rub oil and salt into the rind so it would be crackly. Horrified I rubbed oil and salt into the beasts belly half expecting it to kick its back leg in delight.

My love for stories of English mealtimes shriveled up like the nipples on the roasted pork. I now realised that those stories were all propaganda, generated by the British to try and get her people to believe that World War II was finally in their history and days of grandeur and extravagance could now return. What I discovered was

that the English were not eating offal out of necessity anymore, but because in a tiny North Sea Island with extremely bad plumbing what more could one expect!

—FELICITY P MULLENS

Fact File

Great Britain

Population: 58.3 Million (580 Persons per square mile!)

Capital City: London

Religion: Church of England

Government: Constitutional Monarchy

Total area: 130,439 square miles

• Mean annual temperature between 11.1°C in the S and 8.9°C in the NE.

• Only four species of reptile exist on the entire island.

• Woodlands constitute less than 4% of the total land area

• Majority of English descend from Celtic and Iberian people.

• England does not have one single drive through McDonalds.

• A doona is called a 'Duvet'

• Thongs are g-string underwear.

• Almost every Briton holidays in Ibiza at least once in their lifetime.

• Potato chips are called crisps and come in flavours such as shrimp cocktail.

• Just about every shower is useless and is electronically powered... go figure!!

• England is home to some of the youngest mothers on this earth.

• Capsicums are called Peppers

• Overalls are called dungarees.

• Mandarins are called Satsumas

• Vacuum Cleaners are called Hoovers

• Sticky tape is called Sellotape

• Trucks are called Lorries

• and all Australian tourists seem to stay in Earls Court.

& dealing with being stuck here

frolickin'



(above) Inge from Sweden stuffs her face and still doesn't get fat Canberra is always knocked for having a dull night life and this fact may be confounded so what we at Woroni suggest is that you do something in the day time. We were surprised, as we think you will be also, at the plethora of fun little outings the Nations Capital has on offer. We would also like to invite letters or articles from other students telling tales of day trips that excite the human spirit.

Our first suggestion for dealing with being

'The peak itself is 2173m and makes a superb summer retreat with its crisp clean air, crystal clear lakes and a wonderful display of alpine wildflowers.'

stuck in Canberra is to take advantage of our proximity to fabulous National Parks. Namadji is a stones throw and Kosciusko National Park is about a two hour drive. Kosciusko is the largest national park in New South Wales covering over 627 218 hectares. The peak itself is 2173m and makes a superb summer retreat with its crisp clean air, crystal clear lakes and a wonderful display of alpine wildflowers. There are a variety of walks you can undertake on Kosciusko and all vary in a level of skill. All walks are reasonably strenuous but it is the length that effects the degree of difficulty. If you are willing the 25km Lakes walk is breath taking. For exact details on trails and to get maps it would be safer to contact Cooma Visitors centre but advice we can confidently pass on is take a lot of dark chocolate because walking in high altitude provides the best excuse we know to stuff your face.

food



The Pizza Kitchen has been around for about eight years and as you would expect because of the name, they serve pizza. However this is gourmet pizza and the menu even caters for people not crazy about pizza. My favourite alternative was the spaghetti with rocket pesto, and my trusty food tasting tag along, loved the vegetarian melt. Both these meals were under \$10 and were a satisfying size. We both decided that the Tandoori Chicken pizza was the best but we were pleasantly surprised by the Outback which was interestingly topped with Kangaroo prosciutto. Pizza prices start at \$8.90 and go to \$15.00, and starters like Cheese Twists are only \$2.90. There's only one thing there that could be a money drain and that is the beer, because you can't have just one! They brew their beer in the restaurant and they serve it in real pint glasses. We had way too much alcoholic ginger beer before asking the alcoholic volume and finding out that it was 4%. The dessert menu is limited, but if you are taken as we were by the Murray Mousse Mud Cake, order some water or a cappuccino because it is rich. After having a great

night trying everything, we had trouble getting out of the booths but when we finally did, we buttered up the manager Ben, and he's offered to give Woroni readers one free APK brew with every pizza purchase. We think that's pretty cool and can't wait to see what we can get out of another restaurant.

—MARIE LANFRANCHI

One FREE APK brew with a pizza purchase.

One voucher per person and not to be used in conjunction with any other offers.

Buttologist Profile

Name: Babbie Buttwoman
 Qualifications: Bachelor of Applied Science (Buttology)
 University of the Northern Rivers
 Graduate Diploma in Butt healing and the Solar Plexus
 Charles Sturt University (Wagga Campus)
 Speciality: Finding your real Butt: how to recognise your true butt



This is a very interesting butt, Felicity. In my years as a buttologist I can't remember reading a butt with such intricacies. Note the hairiness of this rear, this indicates a rugged nature, however the downy texture of the hair shows that the true self of this person is gentle and softly spoken. The mole on the left cheek indicates the free spirit and longevity of this person. I would perhaps need a colour photocopy to more extensively read the mole. This person may experience some problems when Venus eclipses the house of Mercury. This could be a period of troublesome expenses and social commitments you may not be able to keep.

Your butt teamed with the solar aspects to Saturn and Jupiter on the 6th, 15th and 26th will ensure that you are able to push buttons getting loved ones, colleagues and even employers to do your bidding for you.

Your hairy, dimpled, fat ass indicates that you need

not believe all that you are told over the coming months, especially where business and financial matters are concerned, especially between the 23rd and 29th as you are liable to be confused enough to do something silly. But for now, watch your butt and beware of others ulterior motives.

How embarrassment!



This section of your paper lets you get your most embarrassing moments of your chest. By unburdening your soul you may have the chance to WIN WIN WIN!
 So if you've turned up to a party lately with a bag of Smiths Crisps Original Flavour only to discover that everyone who's anyone is eating Pringles this season write in and tell us about it. You may win a prize just like Amber did.

Dear Woroni,
 Recently I was at Civic pool trying to escape from the intense heat when I endured my most embarrassing moment ever!

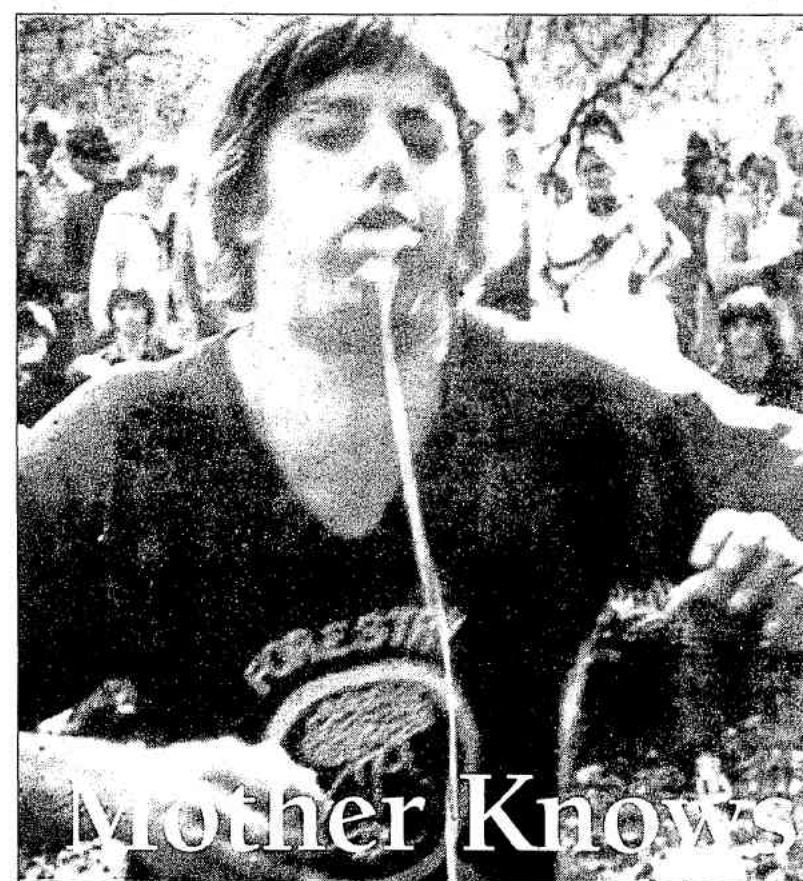
I was swimming around and these two guys kept wolf whistling and calling out to me trying to get me to talk to them. I was pretty flattered so I ignored them for a while but put on a little show by coming up from underwater and wiping my hands over my hair and smoothing it down. Just like the girl from the old Moove ad. I decided to go to my towel and the guys kept on at me so I decided to act cool and tell them to piss off and just leave me alone. I did and then kind of flied my wet hair and lowered my sunglasses only to hear them telling me to fuck off fat bitch because they were speaking to the girl beside me!! Woroni I just want to die but feel so much better for telling you about it.
 Amber 'never going to Civic pool again' Bertoldo (1st year Economics)

Makin' Do

This will be a competition giving you the chance to show the students of this great university just how clever you really are. A student's cashflow is usually always limited and living in a student house usually means doing the best you can. For example you boiled rice or pasta but haven't yet got around to buying a colander. How do you strain the rice? Or you discover some old dope that you hid away for that special night but you left your bong down the coast. What are you going to use for a bong? If you have been in a situation similar or ever more dire and you nutted it out by building something spectacular or found that something that did the trick, photograph it and send it in to Woroni and you could win a double pass to see a band of your choice at the Uni Bar

What does Daddy do?

Cassie Richardson
 2nd Year Law
 "My Dad is a farmer. He owns 1200 acres just outside of Young. Our major business is wool. Specialising in Merino, but recently we found water plains under our property so we will be expanding into cotton and I dare say sitting pretty once again!"



Mother Knows Best

Symptom

For some of you Uni. life may have meant Apron Strings Away, if it did and you're still struggling with fending for yourself, Bev the Woroni office mum invites you to write in with your little domestic worries. Is it a stain on your carpet? Is it an unusual odour in your fridge? Does your skin need a pick up? Or are you just having trouble getting your whites whiter than white? Whatever it is Bev has the remedy for your problem.

You've had a night on the 'turps' and you're not feeling to crash hot. My diagnosis is hangover due to dehydration and alcohol poisoning.

Remedy

For a hangover my darlings there is no cure I know of but to let it wear off but here are a few tips for making the day after that little bit nicer.

- Drink a litre of water before bed
- Use the juice of a lemon mixed with an equal quantity of Worcestershire sauce pour over ice and serve with soda water.
- To calm the nerves and stimulate appetite make a Fizz. Take an egg white, the juice of half a lemon, orange or a lime. Add 3 dashes of absinthe, and a tablespoon of sugar. Shake it all up with plenty of crushed ice and sip slowly.
- The last tip which may seem odd to all of you, but it's what I make Bob do after his Christmas party at the Department of Finance, is take the biggest bite possible out of a cabbage, chew it all up and swallow down.



Take Sustenance

Ginger Nuts

This recipe is indulgent and would win the approval of the "Two Fat Ladies" because of the 500grams of butter that go into these babies.

- 500gms (2 cups) unsalted, uncultured European style butter
- 200gms (1 cup) white sugar
- 220gms (1 cup) firmly packed brown sugar
- 120gms (1 tbsp.) grated fresh ginger
- 170gms (1 cups) plain flour
- 1 egg
- 4 tsp. bicarbonate soda
- 2.tbsp. boiling water
- 1 cup molasses
- 5 tsp. powdered ginger
- 4 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground nutmeg

1 tsp. ground cloves
 Preheat oven to 180° (350°F) Cream together butter and the sugars then mix the grated ginger. Fold in the egg. Mix the bicarb with the boiling water. Add molasses. Sift flour and spices together. Add half the flour mixture, and then the rest of the flour. Fold to combine. Place teaspoons of mixture onto greased oven trays. Bake for approximately 10 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown.

If you are not fond of cooking or just don't have the time to get your hands into a bit of dough we have road tested to brands of ginger nuts that come close to the homemade version. Sunshine Ginger Crunch and Arnotts Ginger Nut

	Can they break a tooth?	chewy centre?	high in fat?	under \$3	extreme ginger taste	dissolves in tea
homemade		ja	ja		ja	ja
arnotts	ja		ja	ja	ja	
sunshine			ja	ja		

ROSEMARY

Rosemary always make you feel as though the show your buying tickets for has already started. Rosemary and Glamour go hand in hand.



THE SIGN

No one stands out in the Asian Bistro because they are all fabulous people providing flavours that leave you believing you are fluent in Cantonese and that rickshaws are safe forms of travel. What does stand out is this mocking confucian quote.



THE HAIRDRESSER

What is that strange odour that wafts out of the hairdresser? And do any students actually get their hair cut there?



TIM the sultry beer puller

If you want seduction and beer head to the bar and ask for Tim. If seduction's not your thing he might be persuaded to do the attitude.



Who's Who at the SU



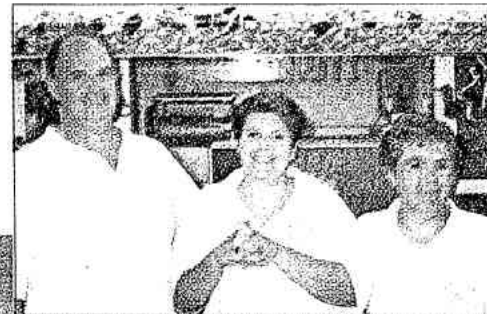
WAYNE SMITH

Wayne is renowned for his bagels because he doesn't hold back on the filling. He toasts things to perfection and won't give you the crusty top from a four hour old casserole.



JOHN

Every 'pick me up' known to man is stocked at the Acton Supermarket. It's a no questions asked kinda supermarket and John will process your sale of Tim Tams, tissues and tampons without batting an eyelid.



THE BAKER FAMILY

The Bakery people are just so ridiculously nice one wonders if Lithium is a standard additive to their variety buns. Known commonly as "Pappa", "Mamma" and "Jolly Daughter" Baker, the Bakery staff receive the Woroni seal of approval for kindest staff members. And keep an eye out because they're probably going to be taking over the role of the ANU counsellors.



MILKA

Milka is who you seek when you need a latte made in a take away cup in under five seconds. Her salad sandwich is not for the faint hearted and she just knows what muffin contains the most choc chips.

Classifieds

Computer for sale
Mac LC11 4/40 with 14" monitor
microsoft word 5.5 included
\$760 ono
ph: 6288 4191

Car for sale
Subaru leone sedan
1981, rego until september
manual and very low mileage
\$3200 ono
ph:6282 2893

Furniture for sale
Glass fronted upright cabinet
drawers adn cupboards great for

crockery storage
\$80
ph: 6288 2869

Outdoor furniture for sale
outdoor table seats four
showing it's age but safe to use
\$30
ph: 6288 2869

BBQ for sale
large bbq with lid, needs new burners
gas bottle included
\$150
ph: 6288 2869

O-Week at the City Club

Come to the City Club for our O-week celebrations.

Drink specials every night!



Mon, Tues and Wed: happy hour 6.30 - 8pm.

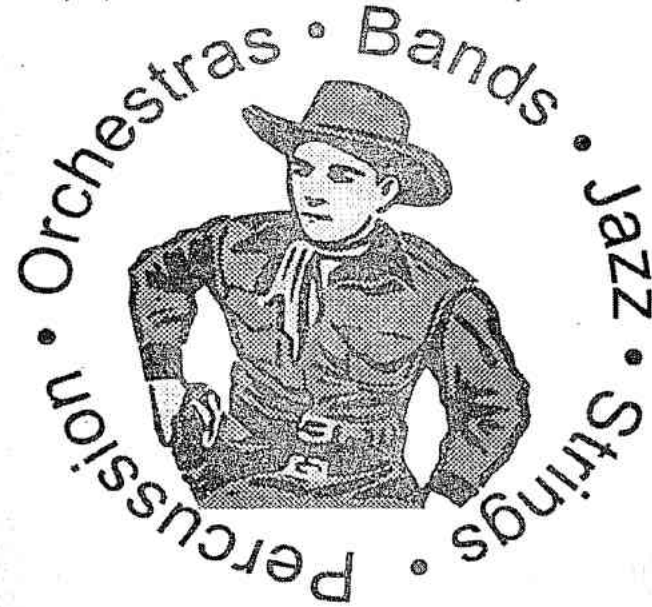


Thurs, Fri and Sat: jugs from 8.30 - 10.30 (jugs of beer \$5.50. Jugs of spirits \$7)

Members have full use of our pool tables, poker machines, and great specials like our \$5 meals every Thursday night.

The City Club - Garema Place, Civic.

WANTED



Did you play an instrument at school?
Looking to keep it up?
Canberra Youth Orchestra Society has the band or orchestra for you!
SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RATES FOR TERTIARY STUDENTS

Contact the office on 6247 4714
or visit us at Lvl 1, Griffin Centre, Bunda St, Civic.
or our website at www.effect.net.au/cyos





john safran

five minutes

Who's your favourite Spice Girl?
 I don't know... Hitler Spice

What's your favourite fashion accessory?
 Probably my blue cap which I wear a lot

What do you cook for your parents when they come round to dinner?
 Tacos or tuna in white sauce

What do you do on a Saturday night?
 Hang out with a few friends doing something minor, most extreme thing I might do is go out for a cocoa

What are you reading?
 I just finished *McLibel: Burger Culture on Trial*

Do you shop at Coles or Woolworths?
 Safeway, but i'm not really committed to it

What do you wear to bed?
 Blue pyjama bottoms and a T-shirt

What's your favourite religion and why?
 Catholicism, because Catholics are the best kissers

Who will be the next celebrity to die?
 Me

Who is the person that you love most?
 It just happens to be no one in particular at the moment, but I don't want to sound like Morrissey

John Safran has leapt from obscurity in the last few months as the guy on *Race Around the World* who did obnoxious things to people and religious institutions. With his first taste of fame, he did what most Australians who get a bit famous tend to do and released a single. John Safran took some time out from his busy scheule to talk to Woroni about *Race*, the ABC, and what he cooks his parents for dinner.

How does it feel to be an Australian icon?
 I don't know, it's still in the minor stage of things, sort of like from a normal point of view I'm a successful person, but from a successful person's point of view, I'm not that successful. If Kylie released a song and it only hovered around number 20, you know, what a loser, whereas with me its like, oh wow you're at number 20. There is a website devoted to you called 'John Safran is a bastard' set up by this girl who bought your single and got pissed off when track two and track three consisted of you saying 'track two', 'track three'. Surely that's fame. Oh, really? Wow, I should look that up. I didn't know about this. Do you get recognised on the street, do people come up and abuse you for things that you did on *Race Around the World*, or things that you said in the sunscreen song? No, not really. I think there's kind of an inhibition factor. It's a pretty big ask for someone to go up to you on the street and abuse you. You only get positive stuff on the street. You get negative stuff through other people. And I've only ever got one negative letter.

What about *Race* itself? Did you get on with Richard Fidler and the other racers?
 Yeah we all got on pretty well. We [the racers] hung out for about 6 weeks before the race, and we hung out with Richard the week before we all left. There's no theoretical reason why we wouldn't all stay friends except for the fact that we all live in different states. I've kept in contact with Olivia, and when she comes down to Melbourne or I go to Sydney then we catch up.

What did you think of other peoples films? Have you seen them all?
 I didn't watch them all. I got back and I could barely sit through mine. I watched some of them. I liked some of the ones that Daniel [Marsden] did. But I don't really watch docos. If I had cable, I wouldn't have the Discovery channel. Is it weird watching yourself on film? Did you become a different person on film? The thing I find is that you become this kind of person who's half way between what's real and what isn't. And all of you is compressed into 4 minutes. So in real life, I mean, I'm not that crazy, I'm more kind of laid back and when I get to know people better, that side of myself comes out.

What was the stupidest thing you did for the camera in *Race*?
 I suppose the streak through Jerusalem. I'd been there once before, and I thought that I knew it well enough to know what I was doing, but I just had no idea. I just didn't really think about the consequences.

Could you have been killed?
 Probably, but I just got sick of being scared. Like, I was in Lebanon and staying in a moslem village, and I mean they were all very nice and everything, but really I'm Jewish and I'm the enemy and it was kind of weird being in that situation. And then there were people who were offering me interviews with leaders, but I was just worried because sometimes with these interviews, you have to make really sure that you stay every close to the face, because if you get too much of the background in, then what happens is that they bomb that village. But I just got sick of being scared, and decided that I was going to do anything.

Was the strip through Jerusalem worth it seeing as St Kilda lost the grand final?
 Well the streak wasn't for the grand final. So there you go, irrefutable proof that God is Jewish. Some of the films you did for *Race*, and all of the stuff in the sunscreen song was very anti-PC. Are you cynical of political correctness? No, I sort of never really thought about it, especially in the race. It just doesn't occur to me on that kind of dogmatic level. I don't think, well this is PC and this is anti-PC and I'm going to join the anti PC camp. That's not how I arrive at it. Both sides are good and bad, and it just depends on individual cases. I guess what I'm saying is that

it's not that much of a dogmatic stance for me. If the end result is anti-PC, that's just how it turned out. You know I'm not following it in the media and saying 'oh gosh, everyone's so PC.' What do you hate most, righteous people? Do you hate anyone, or are just a really loving guy who is misunderstood?
 No, I don't really hate anyone off the cuff. I guess I more have vendettas against individual people who are really annoying me at the time. If people do something personal to me, then I kind of harness all my energies against that person. So you make voodoo dolls of them, and that kind of stuff?

Yeah, and then try to balance it out by not being angry with anyone else.
 What do you think of the ABC?
 They really gave us a chance to do quite big things. I mean they let me put on nine out of ten films, and that's a pretty big opportunity. That's a chance in the media that lots of other people would like. You really shouldn't complain about it, and you have to kind of balance with the fact that they really shouldn't have pulled the film [of the confessional in Rio]. The thing is, that there's nothing in the ABC charter that says you can't film in confessionals. They put it through the ABC lawyers, and they said they would be able to show it. It was more of a community standards thing. So it's a balance of those issues. Have you actually seen the video of Rio, or is hidden in the ABC vaults?

They wouldn't give me a copy of it, but I have seen it. I suppose I could get one if I wanted one now, I could steal it or something.
 Would you put it in underground circulation, like the Mimi McPherson video?
 I think it's got a certain appeal because it's not available. I think it would lose that appeal if you actually saw it. It wasn't really one of the better stories. It was good how it worked out, because it was sort of better that it was kept mysterious.

Do you feel guilty for any of the stuff that you did in your docos? with the black protestant thing maybe?
 I don't feel guilty at all, because I think that really I did absolutely nothing in comparison to some of the people out there who make these totally manipulative documentaries. I mean, when you see tribal people sitting out in a deckchair in the middle of a desert, its obvious that they've been driven out there to make it look a certain way. I remember seeing a doco (it was probably on the ABC so I shouldn't be saying this), but it was this documentary about this guy who was a bit mad, and he was hanging out washing in the rain, and this woman came out and said, "why are you hanging out washing in the rain", and he said "it doesn't matter, its wet anyway", and I just thought as if you are going to have 2 cameramen and a sound guy there totally by accident to catch that moment.

What do you think of the ABC cuts? Do they deserve them?
 I probably shouldn't say 'yes' because now I work for them. I thought people would be able to decide for themselves. Clearly there are shows on the ABC that you wouldn't be able to show anywhere else, and people have to decide whether that makes them worth keeping. Whether they're willing to let the money come out of their tax, or pay a subscription, or something. Something like the Disneyland video, for example, you couldn't show on the commercial networks, because they're probably sponsored by Disneyland.

So whats next?
 I hang up the phone on you and finish the ABC stuff I'm doing.
 What will be doing when you're not famous and snotty anymore?
 I don't mind presenting stuff for the ABC, but really I'd rather be writing. That's the thing that I think I can do and would like to do.

The Big Sheep

It was a Tuesday, and the detection business was as slow as a turtle on Valium. My cramped office reeked of cigarette smoke and poverty. There was also a faint smell of semen emanating from the pile of crumpled tissues in the corner. (When it was as slow as this, you had to find ways to amuse yourself.) Outside, the rain was pouring down in thick sheets of watery rain-like liquid. I sighed; business was so bad, even my metaphors were deteriorating.

I was just about to call it a day when there was a tap at the door. This was followed by a faucet, and then a whole drainage system. Somebody obviously wanted to see me pretty badly.

"Come in", I said.

A tall, leggy blonde walked in. My first reaction was one of relief, since these days most of my prospective clientele turned out to be lost hippies looking for the New Age bookstore upstairs. I got so sick of them, with their crystals and their karma and their long matted hair that hadn't been washed for so long that it still had coils of afterbirth in it. 'Man' this and 'cosmic balance' that, and 'Fuck, this place really stinks - are you sure you don't want to buy some incense sticks?' There was a number of gunshot holes surrounding the doorframe, mostly from encounters like this.

The blonde spoke. 'Leprosy Jones?', she asked.

"Who wants to know?" I replied warily. You had to be careful in this game. Preacher McCann was still after me for the photos I'd taken of him with the goat and the baby oil. I'd never forget the look of shock in the eyes of that poor, bleating, heavily-mascaraed creature. The goat had looked pretty shocked as well - hardly surprising, consid-



Tell me, Detective Jones, have you ever heard of the "Big Sheep?"

ering what was being done to it with that bicycle pump.

The blonde eyed me over. Finally she sighed, and sat down in the wooden chair next to my desk. "Detective Jones", she said, "My name is Cynthia Malone. I've got a problem."

I fished out a battered packet of cigarettes and lit one. "We've all got problems little lady", I said, inhaling deeply. "My great-uncle, for example, had such a distended sphincter that he had to lodge entire coconuts up his alimentary canal just to avoid leaking brown liquid while he walked. That's where they got the idea for Bountys from as a matter of fact - coconut surrounded by chocolate." I narrowed my eyes. "But then again, you wouldn't want to know about that, would you? I suspect you've got something more... personal in mind". I leaned forward. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

Cynthia Malone lit her own cigarette. "Tell me, Detective Jones", she said. "Have you ever heard of... the Big Sheep?"

My eyes grew wide, and I realized then that this girl was in way over her head. What I didn't know was that this case was going to embroil me in a mesh of corruption, narcotics, diamond theft and animal husbandry, the likes of which I had never before experienced. It was going to show me the depths of human degradation, and introduce me to shearing techniques that should never have been thought.

It was to be the most dangerous case of my career.

TO BE CONT...

last gasp

I went to see Radiohead at the Sydney Entertainment Centre recently, and it got me thinking about concerts in general. Cast your mind back through the many different gigs you've been to — or at least, those you can remember — and try to pick the best ones. Maybe it was one of those overblown forty-foot amp stadium affairs performed by the band you'd religiously worshipped for years which left you a screaming gibbering mess unable to have a normal conversation for three weeks without describing in laborious detail every movement of the lead singer. "Oh, and yeah, midway through the second verse of *Mysterious Ways* Bono squatted down the far end of the stage and



reached out to us, and I was fifteen rows from the front in the midst of a stinking sweaty mass of screaming fans but I swear he was looking straight at me! I'll never wash again... (etc)".

Or perhaps it was a more low-key evening, deciding on a whim to see who was playing at the Bar — then discovering exactly how much fun it is to pay three dollars at the door and then proceed to get absolutely shit-faced and start jumping up and down in the midst of an audience of four to a bunch of pockmarked sneering twenty year olds banging out Iggy and the Stooges covers and passing out from alcohol poisoning at the end

of the set.

Whichever you choose, the one thing that links them all is, I think, a sense of intimate involvement with the music. Self-consciousness disappears for a little while, and you become one with the crowd and the band: a pulsating entity with a distortion pedal for a head and a bass-line for a heartbeat.

Which is why, when I went to see Radiohead play, I came out with just a slight feeling that the experience hadn't quite fulfilled its potential. The band themselves couldn't be faulted — they played brilliantly — but the kind of total sensory obliteration that makes a concert

truly memorable was missing, at least from where I was sitting. I found my attention inexplicably drawn from the band to the people sitting around me. To the left of me were an alterna-couple whose main concern was gobbing and trying to surreptitiously set the auditorium on fire by smoking cigarettes and stubbing them out on the other seats. (This incurred the paroxysmic wrath of a security officer who barged over during *Karma Police* and demanded to know just what the fucking shit fuck they thought they were doing.) To the right of me were two young Poms, who seemed to feel that by virtue of their British ancestry, they had an in-

timate and exclusive connection with the band. ("Go little Thommy Yorke! He's our man all right!" I felt like I was at a soccer match.) Their conversation consisted mostly of being appalled, on the behalf of the band, at the crowd's lack of movement, which was linked with a general feeling of injustice that fans of their stature had been relegated to the back seats.

In fact, I could see their point — at least about the sluggishness of the crowd. Down the front things may have been going off but from where we were sitting, people seemed a little tame. I had the feeling that everyone wanted to erupt en masse and start moving and cheering, but because no one else was doing it... you know the story. Thus, people would start clapping along with the songs, but filter out after ten seconds; choruses begun with exuberance very quickly descended into murmurs; prospective trendsetters holding up lighters during the slow songs were disappointed when no one else followed their lead, and gradually blinked out either because the holders felt like idiots or after fifteen seconds they were burning themselves. (Let's hope it was the latter: this sort of cringeworthy homage to ballads went out with *Poison* in the mid-80s and people who persist with it deserve everything they get.) Generally the audience sat and clapped politely, but many seemed so eager to go that about a third of the people around me had left before the second encore began.

Moral? Even great performances don't guarantee great concerts, so get good seats at concerts — or have enough mind-altering substances to make it seem as though you do. Alternatively, of course, you could just stick to the three dollar cover bands at the Uni Bar — which has the added advantage that if they're shit, you can always turn to little Thommy Yorke on the jukebox.

Next Issue

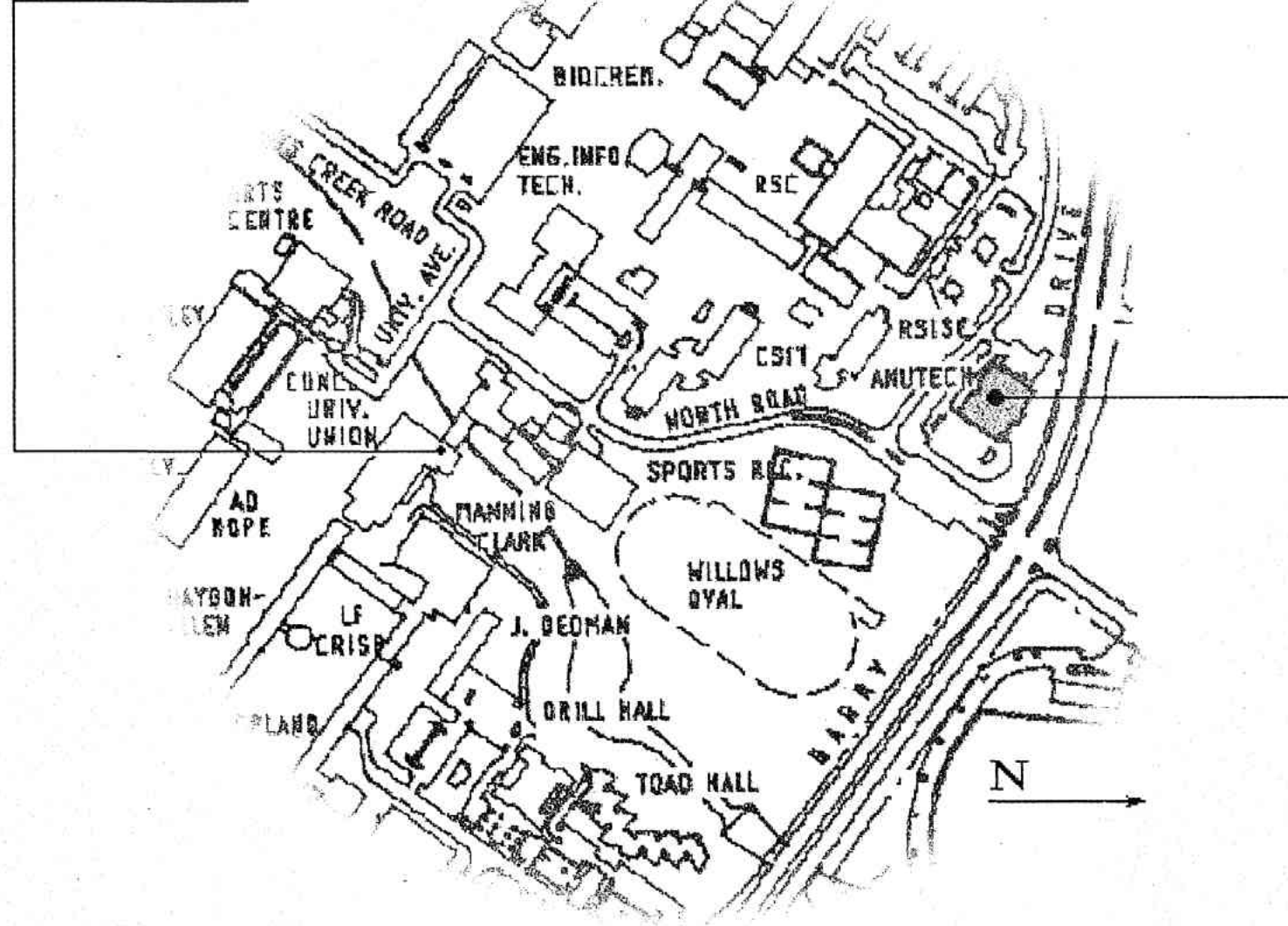
0055 — PANTIES takes a nose dive with an exclamation mark of ugliness in the form of this mystery stranger. Whilst full marks ought to be awarded to the stunningly sensual inclusion of a pair of polyester satin shorts, the lack of imagination displayed by the prosaic setting of an anonymous B&G room cannot be ignored. After all what sort of images could be possibly interpreted as erotic when one combines naked flesh and a cork notice board? If you want inclusion in 0055 — PANTIES in future, frankly you'll have to better than this.



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